MISCELLANEOUS POEMS:

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

AND

OCCASIONS.

REVISED AND CORRECTED

By the late Mr. WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

Nulla venenato Litera mista Joco est.

OVID.

LONDON:

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M,DCC,LXXI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following original pieces, were written by Mr. *Joſeph Giles*, who, ſometime ſince, reſided at Birmingham; and was intimately acquainted with the late, ingenious Mr. *William Shenſtone*. They were occaſionally reviſed, and, many of them, conſiderably improved, by Mr. *Shenſtone*, whoſe hand writing appears in moſt of the manuſcript copies.

Mr. *Giles*, is the author of ſeveral pleaſing poems, in Mr. *Dodſley*'s celebrated collection; to which valuable work, theſe pieces may be added, as a ſupplement, and, are therefore, printed in the ſame ſize and character, in order to bind up with it.

The editor of this work, ſubmits it to the public, for their determination, as to its merit; and only begs leave to obſerve, that, the attention he found Mr. *Shenſtone* had paid to theſe pieces, and the pains he had taken in reviſing moſt of them, inclined him to believe, (as they were worthy that gentleman's notice) that the publication of them would be no unwelcome offering to the admirers of *ſimplicity*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE LEASOWES:*

Or, A Poetical Description

Of the late Mr. SHENSTONE'S

RURAL RETIREMENT.†

WHAT pleaſing ſcenes attract the ſight,
And tempt the muſe to take a flight!
Methinks I feel her riſe!
While thus aloft ſhe ſeems to ſoar,
And all the beauteous ſpot explore,
Bright Phœbus gilds the ſkies!

* This poem was written in the life-time of Mr. *Shenſtone*, who, on a peruſal of the Author's copy, made ſome very conſiderable alterations and emendations. The manuſcript is inſcribed to The Right Honourable Lady *Luxborough*, and it is highly probable, from the two laſt ſtanzas, that it was preſented to her.

† This juſtly admired ſeat, is ſituated in the pariſh of *Hales-Owen*, in the county of *Salop*, about four miles from *Birmingham*, and thirty from *Shrewſbury*.

She now attempts a pleaſing theme,
O dart from thence a friendly beam,
Aſſiſt her while ſhe ſings!
Purſue her thro' each grot and grove,
Where the enraptur'd muſes love
To ſtretch their joyful wings.

'Tis HE*! the happy genius reigns!
Whoſe muſe delights the rural plains,
With ſuch ſuperior grace:
While nature opens all her ſtores,
Diſplays her moſt attractive pow'rs,
T' adorn th' enchanting place!

Behold what hills and pleaſing vales!
Where ſhepherds tell their ſimple tales,
In artleſs ſtrains of love:
The flow'ry dingle, buſhy dell,
The mazy wood, without a ſpell,
Except the plaintive dove.

Here

* Mr. *Shenſtone.*

Here cryſtal ſtreams ſpontaneous riſe,
And ſeem to emulate the ſkies,
To form the grand caſcade! *
Whoſe rapid fall affects the eye,
Like gems the lucid bubbles fly,
Within th' embow'ring ſhade:

And while the brilliant torrent flows,
Obſerve its various forms diſcloſe,
Both wonder and delight!
So *Shakeſpeare*'s nature-piercing muſe,
The mines of fancy doth diffuſe;
Thus ſtrikes th' aſtoniſh'd ſight!

Here circling trees, which form a ſhade
For contemplation fitly made,
Surround the weeping *urn*: †

* The new caſcade, from which place, a ſurvey of the walks is generally taken: therefore the muſe obſerves the ſame track in this deſcription.

† On the pedeſtal of this urn, on one ſide, is the following inſcription,

Ingenio et amicitiæ
Gulielmi Somerville.

And on the oppoſite ſide,

G. S. *Poſvit,*
Debitâ ſpargens lacrimâ favillam
Vatis amici.

Which tells, of friendſhip's ſilken chains
Diſſolv'd by death, (in moving ſtrains)
And bids the reader mourn.

We now the flow'ry path purſue,
Which oft preſents ſome pleaſing view,
To entertain the ſight:
While fertile grounds, which all excell,
With beauteous falls, or graceful ſwell,
Contribute to delight.

Here, we aſcend ſome airy ſeat,
Or little temple's cloſe retreat,
Beneath a ſhady bow'r:
And oft ſome moral ſentence find,
To pleaſe, or to inſtruct the mind,
And paſs each tedious hour.

Now, view the boundleſs proſpect, fair,
And breathe a pure, ſublimer air,
While ſmoak involves the town:
Then thoſe reflections ſoon occur,
Of buſy life, its noiſe and ſtir,
Which mental pleaſures drown.

Here may the thoughts expatiate free,
Embrace that friend, *Philoſophy*,
The jarring croud forget:

And ſince thoſe plagues my joys bereave,
With what reluctance here I leave,
This happy, bliſsful ſeat.

Hence, as we tread the flow'ry lawn,
We ſee ſome ſtriking object dawn,
Among the diſtant trees:
Nature's chief beauties here abound!
Her lib'ral hand has bleſs'd the ground,
Her breath perfumes the breeze.

Now, thro' the leafy maze we ſtray,
There find a fragrant, winding way,
Beneath a ſhady grove:
And hear the Woodlark's pleaſing note,
When e'er ſhe tries her tuneful throat
To melting ſtrains of love.

Here, a pure, cryſtal, purling ſtream,
Imbibes the ſun's refulgent beam,
From ſlope to ſlope falls down:
So gently flows, ſo ſoft and clear,
We ſee it's ſparkling bed appear;
While flow'rs the margin crown.

When e'er I to this grove reſort,
Methinks I ſee the Dryads ſport,
So fam'd by bards of yore:

And deep among the trees I ſcan,
The temple of immortal *Pan!* *
Which Sylvan ſwains adore.

Here, the long viſta far extends,
And like a Gothic cloyſter bends,
Almoſt excluding day:
But hence emerg'd, new beauties riſe,
And raiſe our wonder and ſurpriſe,
As we the whole ſurvey.

Here, woods and groves, and flow'ry fields,
Have ev'ry bleſſing nature yields,
While herds and flocks abound:
Here ſloping lawns ſo ſmooth and green,
With many a beauteous, rural ſcene,
Adorn the proſpect round.

Tho' ſmall the manſion, † void of ſtate,
The whole is beautifully neat,
Within the centre plac'd;

And

---

* At the end of the viſta, is a little building in the Gothic taſte, in the front of which, is a rural trophy of the Syrinx, &c. which makes the muſe ſuppoſe it a temple dedicated to his memory.

† Mr. *Shenſtone's* houſe, is one of the principal objects from this view on the terras.

And ev'ry grace the owner knows,—
Throughout the whole true greatneſs flows,
With elegance and taſte.

For Him, hath nature, not in vain,
Diſplay'd around the rural ſcene,
Her wond'rous treaſures there:
His nice, diſcerning, curious eye
Her latent beauties can eſpy,
He makes them charm us here.

Vaſt hills,* which ſeem to prop the ſkies,
And temples glitt'ring ſpires ariſe,
In ſweeteſt contraſt join:
Theſe views, which now my muſe inſpire,
Did once, great *Thomſon*'s † boſom fire,
With raptures all divine!

From hence, to ſee the dawning light,
Spring from the ſable ſhades of night,
Aurora's charms ſurvey!

* *Clent* hills.

† *Thomſon*, the celebrated author of the *Seaſons*, uſed to expreſs great admiration on viewing the diſtant proſpect of theſe hills; and from their remarkable figure and pleaſant ſituation, called them, *The bubbles of nature.*

With purple, flush the misty hills,
While joy the vast horizon fills,
To hail the king of day!

This view, must ever give delight!
To see him rise in splendor bright!
Here mount his golden car:
To run his journey thro' the skies,
While tuneful birds in choirs arise,
His glory to declare!

Here, shou'd I oft devote the morn,
When glitt'ring dew impearls the thorn,
T' inhale the balmy breeze:
But most, when autumn did appear,
Whose copious horn matures the year,
And tinges all the trees.

Descending* now, the muse must rove,
Thro' that recluse, term'd *Virgil*'s † grove,
Where various fountains play:

Among

---

* Descending from the terras.

† At the entrance of this beautiful, tho' gloomy scene, Mr. *Shenstone* has placed an obelisk, dedicated to the memory of *Virgil*, with the following inscription,

P. VIRGILIO MARONI
LAPIS ISTE CUM LUCO SACER ESTO.

Among the twiſted roots they fall,
Or weeping from the moſs-grown wall,
In ſweet meanders ſtray.

'Tis here, the happy muſes reign,
And join (to bleſs th' enchanting ſcene)
The genius of the place:
The Mantuan bard, and *Thomſon*'s * name,
He conſecrates to endleſs fame,
With elegance and grace:

'Tis here, he ſtrikes the tuneful ſtrings,
Invokes th' inſpiring god, and ſings
Alcides' † noble ſong:
While virtue ſhines ſupremely bright,
And flatt'ring pleaſure tempts to flight,
With her deluſive throng.----

At yon, clear Heliconian fount,
That flows beneath the flow'ry mount,
He quaff'd th' inſpiring draught:
From ev'ry grove, the nymphs and ſwains,
Are mov'd by his harmonious ſtrains,
And pureſt precepts taught.

O happy

* The author, here alludes to ſome lines inſcribed to the memory of Mr. *Thomſon*, on a ſeat in this place.

† *The judgment of Hercules*, a poem: which the muſe imagines to be written in this retired grove.

O happy founts! O bliſsful ſhades!
Where no perplexing care invades
The ſweet devoted hour:
Where faction never can intrude,
Or haunt this pleaſing ſolitude,
This conſecrated bow'r.

Here *Shenſtone* finds a ſweet retreat,
Free from thoſe plagues around the great,
Their envy, noiſe and ſtrife;
Within himſelf a pleaſure finds,
A bliſs unknown to thoughtleſs minds,
The happier joys of life.

Soon as bright Phœbus gilds the ſkies,
Some new delight attracts his eyes,
His pleaſures all increaſe:
He feaſts his intellectual pow'rs,
While gently glide the ſmiling hours,
In tranquil joy and peace.

While ſome (alaſs!) are racked with ſpleen,
Unleſs ſome trifles intervene,
The tedious hours to waſte;
By virtue he tranſmits his name,
To records of immortal fame,
That will thro' ages laſt.

Here

Here health deſcends on balmy wings,
And opens her ſalubrious ſprings,
  The languid ſoul to cheer:
From lucid ſtreams, and trees, and flow'rs,
(To charm each ſenſe) her bounty pours,
  Throughout the circling year.

Shenſtone, enjoys what nature gives,
Not for himſelf he merely lives,
  His bounty freely flows!
His lib'ral hand to all extends,
Alike to enemies and friends,
  Nor pride, nor av'rice knows.

Attend ye thoughtleſs nymphs and ſwains,
Obſerve, thoſe cautionary ſtrains,
  Within the moſſy cell: *

" *So*

---

* A little cell, compos'd of roots and moſs, where the following lines are inſcribed; ſuppoſed to be the ſpeech of *Oberon*, king of the Fairies.

Here in cool grot, and fringed cell,
We rural fawns and fairies dwell.
Tho' rarely ſeen by mortal eye,
When the pale moon aſcending high,
Darts thro' yon limes her quiv'ring beams,
We friſk it near theſe cryſtal ſtreams.
Then fear to ſpoil theſe favour'd bow'rs,
Nor wound the ſhrubs, nor crop the flow'rs:

So

"*So may your path with ſweets abound,*"
For here, you tread on claſſic ground,
Here all the geniis dwell.

Before I leave this bliſsful grove,
O muſe! invoke the pow'rs above!
To guard and bleſs the ſcene:
May peace and plenty here reſide,
That happy genius! * long abide
Who leads the muſes train.

May pleaſure ſtrew his path with flow'rs,
May joy attend the ſmiling hours,
To baniſh pain and fear:
Then if the good, and truly wiſe,
Wou'd know where real pleaſure lies,
She reigns with virtue here.——

And ſince my muſe her tour has made,
Obſerved each grot, and rural ſhade,
Delighted with the ſcene:

Shou'd

So may your path with ſweets abound,
So may your couch with reſt be crown'd,
But harm betide or nymph or ſwain,
Who dares our hallow'd haunts prophane.

OBERON.

* *Shenſtone.*

Shou'd YOU * approve her daring lays,
Whoſe taſte and judgment, merits praiſe,
The flight may not be vain:

You! whom the graces all adorn
With worth and virtue! nobly born!
A fav'rite of the NINE:-----
Then may my muſe, which tries to ſing,
Seek for protection from the wing,
Where wit and candour ſhine.

AN

* *Lady Luxborough.*

AN INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

MORPHEUS! thou care beguiling pow'r,
Soft guardian of the midnight hour,
O! whither doſt thou fly?
O! come and ſooth my ſoul to reſt,
Quell ev'ry tumult of my breaſt,
And cloſe the wakeful eye.

Ah! why is reſt to me deny'd,
That thus I roll from ſide to ſide,
Thus vainly chide the ſtay
Of hours and minutes as they paſs,
While time ſeems nodding o'er his glaſs,
Nor haſtens on the day?

What ſofter couch, what bleſt abode,
Detains from me the drowſy god,
In liſtleſs eaſe reclin'd?
Careleſs of all his ſuppliant's woes,
To pour the balm of ſweet repoſe,
And heal my wounded mind.

Is it beneath ſome humble cell,
Where innocence and virtue dwell,
That with the lowly ſwain
Thou deign'ſt to be a conſtant gueſt,
To lay his wearied limbs to reſt,
And ſoften ev'ry pain?

Lead me ye happy, rural fair,
To ſilent ſhades, where guilt and care
No entrance e'er cou'd find:
Where daiſies deck the painted meads,
And poppies nod their drowſy heads,
Obedient to the wind.

Here thence repell'd, the ſolar rays
Shall dart in vain the ſultry blaze;
While round the bleſt retreat,
With crimſon bluſh, the roſes blow,
And while the jeſſamines beſtow,
Their lovely, languid ſweet:

Let wanton zephyrs round me play,
The birds from ev'ry dancing ſpray,
Attune their ev'ning ſong:
While o'er yon moſs-grown, rocky ſteep,
The river takes a dreadful leap,
Then gently glides along.

The murm'ring ſound the god ſhall bring,
He comes!---I feel his downy wing!
O! hear a votary's prayer!
If thou ſhould'ſt deign to ſhut mine eyes,
Soon let the pleaſing image riſe,
Of DELIA, heav'nly fair!

Let all thoſe beauties be diſplay'd,
Indulgent nature gave the maid,
To pleaſe th' obſerving eye:
And on the lovely charmer's face,
Let one kind look beſtow new grace!
Then, ev'ry care ſhall die.

And, if, indulgent to my bliſs,
Thou grant'ſt the ſoft tranſporting kiſs!
No further I'd explore:
But hold the reins of gay deſire,
Leſt in ſuch tranſports I expire,
And wake to life no more.

MOON-

MOONLIGHT:
IN THE COUNTRY.

The Scene lying upon a Favourite Hill.

I.

NIGHT o'er the ſkies her gayeſt robe has ſpread,
On ev'ry herb diſtill'd the genial dew;
While o'er this hill, with gentle ſteps I tread,
And *Luna* riſing, ſtill improves the view.

II.

A pleaſing calm relieves my troubled breaſt,
While ſilence reigns throughout th' ambient air;
All nature ſeems t' enjoy the ſweets of reſt,
And labour, meets a kind relief from care.

III.

My muſe, to conſecrate this happy hour,
Now quits the buſy world's diſtracting noiſe;
In ſearch of things ſublime now makes her tour,
To feaſt the mind with intellectual joys.

IV.

She here, may touch the ſoft harmonious ſtring,
In peaceful ſcenes, her glad devoirs may pay;
Here mount on contemplation's joyful wing,
Free from the open gaze of buſy day.

V.

The ſilver moon, bright regent of the night,
Whoſe mild, ſoft radiance dignifies the ſcene;
Inſpires a tranquil, pure, ſublime delight,
To view her face, and all the ſtarry train.

VI.

Thoſe glitt'ring lamps, the heav'nly arch adorn,
Whoſe num'rous hoſt, that azure round diſplay,
Muſt all retire, when e'er the purple morn,
Reveals her golden orb, and calls up day.

VII.

O! let me then, enjoy night's ſolemn ſcene!
And wrapt in thought, forego intruding cares;
Thy pleaſing aſpect dignifies my ſtrain,
Whoſe muſic emulates thy rolling ſpheres.

VIII.

Myſterious ſcene! thy wond'rous paths I trace,
Where moving planets form their circling way;
And to each ſeaſon give th' appointed place,
Thus eve, and morn, ſucceſſively diſplay.

IX.

Each diſtant ſound now ſooths my liſt'ning ear,
Night's grand, majeſtic ſcene, attracts my eye:
The watry falls, ſoft whiſp'ring gales bring near,
Compoſe each ſenſe, afford a tranquil joy!

X.

Not ſo, the hurrying ſcenes of buſy life,
Where ſons of riot, waſte the midnight hours;
Plung'd in the dang'rous ways of guilt and ſtrife,
Debauch, enſlave, their nobleſt, mental pow'rs.

XI.

The twinkling lights from yonder town, * tho' far,
Paint in my mind the varied buſtling ſcene;
'Mong noiſe and ſmoak, or ſwallow'd up in care,
Fam'd Vulcan's ruſtic ſons with Bacchus reign.

XII.

Around the ſpacious, flaming pile they ſit,
With mingling voices, raiſe the high debate:
Or laugh at low, and ſimple ſtrains of wit,
Or gravely ſcheme t' amend a troubled ſtate.

XIII.

While copious draughts inflame their growing zeal,
They ſatirize the miniſterial tribe:---
Tho' theſe I leave, I to the muſe appeal,
How much I tyrants hate, and ſcorn a bribe.

XIV.

This bleſs'd retreat I love,---this moonlight ſhade
Diſcloſes themes of philoſophic joy;
Nor noiſe, nor tumult can theſe walks invade,
Since peace does every friendly aid employ.

* The town of *Birmingham.*

XV.

The lofty trees preſent a ſhadowy cone,
Extending croſs the ſilent, rural plain:
Cloſe hid, ſoft *Philomel* now vents her moan,
While ecchoing groves repeat the melting ſtrain.

XVI.

Then all the gay, ideal trains ariſe,
Unlock the charms of fancy's varied ſtore!
Thus abſent ſcenes ſalute the mental eyes,
And paſt, and preſent themes we thus explore.

XVII.

Thus, with th' illuſtrious dead we converſe here,
Reflection brings her fav'rite ſons to light;
Hence ſordid, worldly ſchemes, ſoon diſappear,
For theſe afford a permanent delight.

XVIII.

Plato, and all thoſe ſages call'd divine,
Or bards of Greece and Rome, of high applauſe;
Newton, whoſe eye could pierce the vaſt deſign,
And teach the ſecret theme of nature's laws.

XIX.

Her vot'ries thus, by contemplation led,
(Beneath the friendly beams of ſilent night)
The ſacred paths of virtue here may tread,
And with thoſe worthies taſte refined delight.

XX.

XX.

Thou great firſt cauſe! whoſe wonder-working hand!
Produc'd the human form, and reaſoning mind;
Thoſe latent, high, diſtinguiſh'd gifts expand!
Raiſe to immortal heights, to joys refin'd.

XXI

Teach me to know, that ſacred light impart!
Illume my breaſt, with thy all-quick'ning rays:
From error's ways, O guard my yielding heart,
From pride and guilt its varied paſſions raiſe.

XXII.

Thy ſacred laws, O may I ne'er invade,
With gratitude, thy wond'rous works ſurvey;
This beauteous volume, thou haſt wide diſplay'd,
Delights each ſenſe at night, and charms by day.

XXIII.

The ſun, by thee, diſplays his genial pow'r,
Yon cheerful moon, the ſwelling tides obey:
While *that* inſpires with life, each op'ning flow'r,
This chears the night, and gives a milder day.

XXIV.

While I, creation's works, amaz'd admire,
Their varied uſe, their beauteous order ſee;
With emulation mov'd, I wou'd aſpire!
And led by them, fix all my truſt on THEE.

The POWERS of IMAGINATION:

Exemplified in a POEM upon

INTELLECTUAL VISION.

"*Intellectual viſion, has ſomewhat analogous to*
"*the ſenſe of ſeeing.*"

Mr. GROVE's *Spectator, Vol.* 8. *No.* 635.

WHEN e'er the wanton fancy ſtrays,
Thro' fiction's ſoft, enchanting ways;
What pleaſing proſpects quickly riſe!
Mere thought, then ſeems to feaſt our eyes.
The manſion fair, up-lifts its head,
O'erlooks the grove, and flow'ry mead:
The warbling choirs, the cryſtal ſtream,
Improve the ſweet deluſive dream!
While nature's ſoul-enchanting ſmiles,
With pleaſing thoughts, the mind beguiles
For when this intellectual guide,
Does o'er the mental powers preſide;
Th' imagination can prepare,
Her vehicle to ſkim the air.
We ſoon thro' diſtant climates ride,
Thus, cut the wind, thus ſtem the tide;

O'er

O'er mountain billows plow the main,
Or ſkim the vaſt etherial plain!
So volatile the ſprightly ſoul,
As lightning ſwift can croſs the pole!
Its charm like magic can diſplay
At night, the ſplendid ſmiles of day:
So far its wond'rous power extends,
It brings to view our abſent friends.
Whether among the gayer trains,
Of city crowds, or private ſcenes;
It leads us thro' the vocal grove,
Or opens all the ſcenes of love!
When e'er th' hiſtoric page we read,
Where perſons, countries, are portray'd;
Each ſtriking Object ſeems to riſe,
And fix itſelf before our eyes:
We ſeem to view each pleaſing ſcene,
Where beauty holds her boundleſs reign,
Which feeds th' enraptur'd mental eye,
With ſomething like to real joy!
Th' ideal ſcene gives ſuch delight,
As ſcarce the real can excite.
Thus we the flatt'ring theme purſue,
And think the viſion almoſt true;
Till ſome intruding, buſy care,
Makes the gay fantom diſappear:
The baſeleſs fabrick then diſſolves,
And care again, the mind involves.

The RAPTURE:

On viewing the tomb of SHAKESPEARE, at *Stratford-upon-Avon*.

IMMORTAL *Shakeſpeare!* while I view thy ſhrine,
Where many a bard has been with raptures fired,
Accept theſe poor, tho' grateful lays of mine;
Theſe grateful lays thy relics have inſpir'd.

Great nature's mirror! fancy's fav'rite child!
Whoſe wond'rous muſe could all her charms explain;
And ſoothe our ears, with thy ſweet warblings wild,
Without controul, o'er ev'ry paſſion reign.

This flow'ry wreath, I hang around thy urn,
Not deck'd with dew, but with the gen'rous tear!
And till the vital lamp ſhall ceaſe to burn,
Thy mem'ry ſweet! I ever ſhall revere.

Ye weeping muſes, vent the melting ſtrain!
Ye rural ſwains, an annual tribute bring:
Collect from ev'ry grove, and flow'ry plain,
The richeſt produce of the breathing ſpring.

Soft

Soft zephyrs fair, your fragrant wings diſplay,
Waft ev'ry ſweet, from all the flow'rs that bloom;
Ye fairy tribes! who ſport in Cynthia's ray,
Your airy circles lead, around his tomb.

And you! ye nymphs of *Avon*'s cryſtal ſtream,
With willows crown'd, your ſolemn dirges ſing;
Till that laſt morn, emits the ſplendid beam!
His **Ariel* wakes him with the tuneful ſtring.

VERSES

* *Ariel* a character in the *Tempeſt*.

VERSES

On viewing the monument of MILTON, in *Weſtminſter Abbey*.

SERAPHIC muſe! O *Milton!* bard divine!
Tho' here the gen'rous rais'd this ſculptur'd buſt;
Thy works alone, a monumennt will ſhine,
When Time's rude hand, has crumbled it to duſt.

Tho' nature's veil obſcur'd thy mortal ſight,
Yet, other gifts, ſhe largely did impart;
Illum'd thy mental eye, with heav'nly light,
And truth, and virtue, planted in thy heart!

What muſe like thine, the wond'rous track cou'd dare,
Whoſe lofty wing, ſoar'd thro' th' etherial plains;
Trac'd all the flow'ry paths, of Eden fair,
And tun'd the lyre to pure angelic ſtrains?

You paſs'd the dark, tremendous ſcenes of hell!
Where ſatan reigns with his infernal peers!
Show'd how our parents from perfection fell,---
From Chaos rude, reveal'd the glowing ſpheres:

There

There *Michael* ſhow'd; that proud archangel grand,
From heav'n revolting, led his hoſtile train,
The pow'r ſupreme, preſuming to withſtand;
But fell diſgrac'd, no more to riſe again.

But, O! that laſt, grand conqueſt you diſplay!
From death and hell! loſt Paradice regains:
The Saviour great! in mercy's mild array!
Compleats the chorus, of thy heav'nly ſtrains.

When HE returns, with his celeſtial throng,
That glorious morn! his trumpet bids thee riſe:
While hallelujah's raiſe the ſacred ſong!
Thy muſe reſponſive, ſhall ſalute the ſkies!

Thy fav'rite *Gabriel*, then on joyful wings!
To THEE! immortal honours will diſplay;
While raptur'd ſeraphs, ſtrike the golden ſtrings:
Thy ſtrains, ſhall aid the triumphs of that day.

STANZAS:

Occaſioned, by a viſit among ſome tombs in a *Country Church*.

I.

WHAT is this world with all its charms,
Of noiſy pomp and glitt'ring ſhow?
When death diſplays his dread alarms,
Its vain delights we then forego.

II.

Be gone! ye falſe, deceitful joys!
Mix'd with the dregs of care and ſtrife;
Your faireſt promiſes are toys,
Which ſpoil the choiceſt hours of life.

III.

For here, we ſee, and clearly learn,
Thy glory fades, and drops its bloom;
Our great, important, laſt concern,
We read inſcrib'd on ev'ry tomb.

IV.

The curious, marble, ſculptur'd buſt,
The herald's pomp, and flatt'ring ſtile,
Old Time will crumble all to duſt;
Deſtroy the fabric's lofty pile.

V.

V.

See! yonder tomb,* his rage diſplays,
(Whoſe ancient date his hand has ſpoil'd)
That ſleeping duſt in former days,
Like us with joy or ſorrow toil'd.

VI.

So we, that tread this mortal ſtage,
Our fleeting ſands too ſwiftly fall;—
"Act well your part, from youth to age,"
I hear grave wiſdom loudly call.

VII.

And while we trace this ſolemn ſcene,
The trophy'd manſions of the dead
Inſpire the ſoul with joy ſerene,
Where e'er we gaze, or ſlowly tread.

VIII.

Here ſilence holds her gloomy reign,
Which ſtrikes the mind with ſerious awe;
To ſee all worldly pow'r and gain,
Submit to death's impartial law.

IX.

---

* An old antique tomb in ruins, ſuppoſed to have lain above two hundred years.

IX.

The monarch crown'd, the rev'rend ſage,
The gay, the fair, the young, the wiſe;
The ſoldier, here ſuſpends his rage,
And by the humble ſhepherd lies.

X.

Death breaks the bonds of mortals pow'r,
Throws all their vain diſtinctions down;
Virtue, is here the richeſt dow'r,
Rewards the beggar with a crown.

XI.

But time, and death, muſt fall and die,
And ceaſe to triumph o'er this clay:
Their ruin'd heaps, where e'er they lie
Shall ſmile beneath eternal day.

A DESCRIPTION
Of the MORNING.

BRIGHT *Phoſpher* ſee, with dawning light,
Excludes the gloomy ſhades of night,
And clothes the morn with dappled grey,
To introduce the queen of day.
Then fair *Aurora*, ſee appear,
With purple fluſh the hemiſphere;
She, all her choiceſt perfumes brings,
To waft abroad on zephry wings.
While *Phœbus* mounts his ſplendid car,
His glorious journey to declare;
In triumph, ſee his ſteeds ariſe!
What radiant ſplendor fills the ſkies!
From moſſy couch, with quiv'ring wings,
The ſprightly lark aſcends and ſings:
He, firſt of all the tuneful train,
With muſic, cheers the verdant plain.
The warbling choirs, all ſtrain their throats,
Obey his call, in ſweeteſt notes;
With varied plumes, they mount the ſky,
While herds, and flocks atteſt their joy.

See, nature ſmiles, from every view!
The flow'rs are deck'd with ſparkling dew;
Methinks, the hills and vales rejoice,
And cryſtal ſtreams by nature's voice
All aid the ſong of gen'ral praiſe,
To nature's ſovereign various ways;
Bid man, his grateful tribute bring,
And riſe on contemplation's wing.
O, baniſh ſloth! attend the morn,
Obſerve what pleaſing ſmiles adorn
The youthful ſpring, which doth appear,
With promis'd joy to bleſs the year.
Shall man! whom nature rais'd ſo high,
Whoſe form erect, ſalutes the ſky,
Who can the vaſt deſign ſurvey,
Can trace the planets wond'rous way;
Shall he! from nature's laws depart,
And not let reaſon guide his heart?
That can his thoughts by words expreſs,
And has ſuch cauſe for thankfulneſs?
Let nature's charms, his boſom fire,
And gratitude his ſoul inſpire;
Since God, in whom we live and move,
Has ſo diſplay'd his boundleſs love!

The BIRDS NEST.

THE other day, as *Clara* fair,
Reſolved to taſte the rural air,
To view what beaming ſmiles adorn,
The vernal ſplendors of the morn;
Chance led me to that very way,
My *Clara* had reſolved to ſtray.
Tranſported, thus, the fair to find
Intent for walk, I quickly join'd.
In meditation while we go,
It happen'd, in a quickſet row,
Clara, perceiv'd two birds diſtreſt,
And hard at work to build their neſt.
We ſtop'd to view the anxious pair
Contrive their houſe, ſo firm and fair.
See *Clara*, ſee! ---I then expreſt,
What various things compoſe the neſt,
What diff'rent parts, connected join,
To make the whole both neat and fine.
So ſhou'd the ſoul of every maid,
With different beauties be array'd;
Virtue ſhou'd guard the tender fair,
From man's deceptive, flatt'ring ſnare:

Prudence, direct her wav'ring youth,
And teach her feet the path of truth;
And modeſty, in outward mein,
Shou'd ſpeak the harmleſs ſoul within;
Honour protect her virgin art,
From ev'ry low, inſidious heart,
And ſoft good-nature ever roll
Its tender impulſe in her ſoul;
And when theſe excellencies join'd,
Diſplay a *Clara's* lovely mind,
The compoſition ſoon wou'd prove,
A neſt of harmony and love.

HYMN

HYMN to VIRTUE.

HAIL, ſacred virtue! lovely name!
How does the ſound my ſoul inflame
And all my pow'rs inſpire!
In thee, in thee alone! we know
One bliſs ſubſtantial here below;
To thy immortal charms we owe
Each pleaſure worth deſire.

Thou lend'ſt the raptur'd ſoul the wings,
On which, to heav'n ſhe ſoars and ſings,
The grandeur of her birth:
With thee, bleſt convoy! lo ſhe flies,
To claim a portion in the ſkies,
Nor will yon purer worlds deſpiſe
Their kindred here on earth.

When o'er the fields embroider'd road,
We walk, and praiſe creation's God,
While nature throws her ſweets abroad,
And flow'ry wonders ſhine!
The conſcious, ſelf-approving breaſt,
Of thy extatic ſmiles poſſeſt,
Is bleſt,---- is ſomething more than bleſt
With pleaſure ſo divine!

When the gay dawn diſpells the night,
And opes the roſie gates of light,
The day rolls in ſupremely bright,
  And glides on beams of peace:
And when the midnight ſhades are ſpread,
Thou mak'ſt a ſoft, and ſilent bed,
While blooming olives wreath the head,
  And gentle ſlumbers eaſe.

Ye ſons of riot, and of mirth,
Ye vain diſturbers of the earth,
  You taſte no joy like this:
No heav'nly banquet e'er ſupplies,
Your ſickly ſouls, and languid eyes,
Nor day, nor night, nor earth, nor ſkies,
  Afford one laſting bliſs.

Virtue! thou everlaſting friend!
Thro' *Britiſh* realms thy pow'r extend,
To bleſs, inſtruct, enrich, amend,
  A glorious,---guilty ſtate!
Let courts and palaces declare,
Thou art not ſtill exile'd from there,
O virtue! oh my couhtry ſpare,
  From wars diſaſtrous fate.

Ye beautious fair, whoſe ſov'reign ſway,
Commands the captive heart away,
Deign to believe an artleſs lay,
That ſings of virtue's charms:
Such charms, as claim ſuperior place,
O'er ev'ry roſe in Mira's face,
And add new life to ev'ry grace,
That wins us to her arms.

Virtue! dear name! th' exhauſtleſs ſpring!
A thouſand ſweets without a ſting,
Earth can't an unmixt tranſport bring,
But what from thee began.
Let gilded pomp, and ſenſeleſs pride,
The gay, unthinking crowd divide,
Be thou! my wealth, my joy, my bride,
And I'm the happy man.

HYMN to the SUN:

On the approach of SPRING.

HAIL, glorious ſource of life and joy!
Thou vaſt refulgent orb of day;
When nature ſeems to faint and die,
Then do thy quickening beams diſplay.

The teeming earth with gladneſs feels,
Thy ſweet, attractive, genial pow'r;
Thy kind, rich influence reveals,
Each riſing day, each ſhining hour.

By thee reviv'd, ſee nature ſmiles!
Sweet vernal *Spring* with joy appears;
Bleak *Winter* vanquiſh'd, quits our iſles,
For grief relents, in floods of tears.

His rigid frowns, no more oppreſs,
Her tender youth, her riſing bloom;
Mild zephyrs now the fair careſs,
Who doth her wonted charms reſume.

The ſnow-drop firſt, of modeſt hue,
In native innocence array'd;
That welcome harbinger doth ſhew,
Thy ſweet approaches, lovely maid!

The tender foilage now diſplays,
Its mantling honours o'er thy bed;
Each flow'r, a grateful tribute pays,
To deck the circlet round thy head.

See! --- ſcatter'd o'er yon ſunny hill,
The white, young, harmleſs lambs appear;
Whoſe tender bleatings, ever fill
Their watchful dams, with anxious fear.

On primroſe banks, the inſect tribe,
Feel the warm Sun's reviving ray;
His gen'rous beams they ſoon imbibe,
Riſe to new life, enjoy the day.

Nature doth ev'ry charm refine,
For when their ſilken wings unfold;
In glitt'ring mail their bodies ſhine,
Of varied colours ting'd with gold.

In ſocial pairs the warbling choirs,
Do each elect his fav'rite mate;
'Tis love alone each breaſt inſpires,
Love doth their mutual joys create.

For this, they gayly plume the wing,
Exert their ſweet melodious ſtrains;
And thus ſalute the vernal ſpring,
Which fills with joy the rural plains.

While Sol, who gilds the circling hours,
Advances with refulgent day;
Fair *Flora* from her roſie bow'rs,
Leads up the beuteous train of May.

Then ſpring, to greet her ſov'reign queen,
Bids the whole univerſe rejoice!
And opens ev'ry pleaſing ſcene,
Which elevates great nature's voice.

The hills, and vales, with herds and flocks,
Return the ſweet reſponſive ſound;
Deck'd with her fragrant, powder'd locks,
Pomona ſmiles, with bloſſoms crown'd.

The winds in ſwelling concert riſe,
The vocal groves ſoft echo's pour;
While limpid ſtreams ſalute the ſkies,
In baſe, their falling torrents roar.

All nature join with one accord,
A general, ſolemn chorus raiſe;
To celebrate the ſov'reign lord,
With univerſal joy and praiſe!

But man! by ſweet reflexive pow'rs,
He made to taſte ſublimer joys;
The great, firſt cauſe whom he adores,
Hath made him ſee with mental eyes.

See all the wond'rous pleaſing ſcene!
And philoſophic heights explore;
Where order's laws eternal reign,
And time, and beauty ſtill reſtore.

Oft as the ſeaſons do return,
In order thus ſucceſſive roll;
O! let his breaſt with rapture burn!
And praiſe exert his grateful ſoul.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE PLEASANT MONTH OF MAY.

BEHOLD! the beauteous queen of May!
Deck'd out in all her rich attire;
Tó her the muſe devotes this lay,
Her varied charms the notes inſpire.

O welcome! ſmiling, lovely fair!
To thee! --- the nobleſt ſtrains belong;
Thou glory of the circling year!
Thy charms demand an annual ſong.

Since, at the ſweet return of ſpring,
Some new delight you ſtill diſplay;
For this, the warbling choirs all ſing,
And gladly hail the happy day.

In blooming purple ſhe deſcends,
With flow'ry wreaths, and bloſſoms crown'd;
The genial pow'r ſhe far extends,
With joy inſpires the country round.

Of ſilv'ry white, * a fragrant ſhow'r,
She does o'er ev'ry hawthorn ſtrow;
And opens ev'ry leaf and flow'r,
Bids all their latent beauties blow.

The primroſe fair, and violet blue,
Beneath the verdant buſhes riſe;
The cowſlip ſweet, of golden hue,
In plenteous crops delight our eyes.

While wood-bines round the ſpreading trees,
In am'rous folds their tendrils twine;
The neat, induſtrious, curious bees,
Extract thoſe ſweets their cells refine.

Nature, now breathes from all her ſweets,
Soft clouds of fragrant odours riſe;
Her ſmile, the whole creation greets,
And grateful incenſe fills the ſkies.

While gentle zephyrs riſe a loft,
Their fragrant, ſilken wings prepare;
Her balmy eſſences to waft,
Throughout the circumambient air.

Mild

* It is the bloſſoms of the *Hawthorn* that are uſually call'd *May*.

Mild, gentle breezes cheer the clime,
The feather'd ſongſters tune their notes;
The lark, who chaunts his hymns ſublime,
Aloft, in boundleſs ether floats.

And the ſoft cuckow's conſtant ſong,
So ſweetly echo's o'er the vale;
The thruſh, and black-bird, all day long,
Purſue their ſweet, enchanting tale.

'Tis love that warms each tender breaſt,
With emulation ſwells each ſtrain;
To form the curious downy neſt,
They ſearch the grove and ſkim the plain.

All ſtretch the ſoft enamell'd wing,
With joy, exert the grateful lay;
And animate the muſe to ſing,
The lovely charms of blooming May.

Upon

Upon the ſinging of the LARK, and the return of SPRING.

HAIL! lovely, tuneful warbler hail!
Thy ſong, my breaſt with joy inſpires;
The joyful theme, thy notes reveal,
Now animates the feather'd choirs.

See! —— how they ſtretch the painted wing,
With muſick charm the grove, the plain!
All hail the ſweet return of ſpring,
While mutual love inſpires each ſtrain.

Thy ſong proclaims the dawning day,
That ſmiles to greet the youthful year;
While trees the tender bud diſplay,
And gentle zephyrs fan the air.

Aurora ſmiles, in purple clad,
The hills reflect a flufhing ray;
The ſun breaks forth, gay nature's glad,
And all the generous tribute pay.

The flow'rs their varied charms unfold,
With grateful incenſe fill the ſkies;
While herds, and flocks do leave the fold,
And joy to ſee the morn ariſe.

Aloft the lark exulting tow'rs,
While ploughmen turn the fertile ſoil;
Which teems with Ceres bounteous ſtores
And well rewards their annual toil.

O lovely, charming, blooming ſpring!
Thou pride and glory of the year;
Now, love and pleaſure on the wing,
Invite abroad, the young, the fair;

T' inhale the balmy, breathing air,
And emulate thy grateful lay!
That does the heav'ns with muſick cheer,
And hails with joy, the ſmiling day:

The day that ſmiles on *Britain's* land,
O liberty! — thy fav'rite ground!
Where plenty opes her bounteous hand,
Peace ſmiles, with verdant Olives crown'd.

PROLOGUE:

To the Tragedy of Lady JANE GREY, acted by the young Gentlemen at Mr. GIBBONS's School, at BARR.

Spoken by one of the Scholars.

NATURE, thro' all her Works is great and wiſe!
To act our part aright — there wiſdom lies.
The human form, diſplays her ſkill divine,
Where reaſon's gem, lies hid, as in a mine;
Till learning's aid thoſe hidden parts explores,
And ſhe alone expands the mental pow'rs:
For, as we ſee the rude uncultur'd field
No fruit produce, — no fragrant bloſſoms yield;
So, man, unpoliſh'd oft incurs diſgrace,
And brutiſh manners mar the human face.
But arts improve, and cultivate the mind,
By education's ſmiles, we riſe refin'd!
She kills the baneful weeds that nouriſh ſtrife,
To her we owe the ornaments of life.
Then, thanks, kind parents, * for your prudent care,
Who wiſely mov'd us from each hurtful ſnare.

Which

* Bowing to the audience.

Which oft attends the rude unletter'd crowd,
And plac'd us here, to learn what's juſt and good.
Our gentle *Moniter*, by whom we're taught,
Thus acts his part, — reſtrains each wandering thought,
Nor too ſevere, nor yet too lax, — his law,
His precepts good, — we from example draw;
Our paſſions checks, each wild deſire controuls,
And kindles love for virtue in our ſouls! —
Nay, more, — true emulation to infuſe,
Commends the ſtudy of the tragic muſe!
Where virtue ſtruggles with the ſtorms of fate,
And truth unmov'd, ſhines eminently great.
Such ſcenes as theſe we've labour'd to recite,
And humbly beg, to repreſent this night. ——
But now alas! —— we feel our riſing fears,
And find the taſk unequal to our years.
Beſides, —— we tremble at the critics eye,
Whoſe piercing look! —— our errors muſt decry.
Since thus we ſhrink juſt ready to deſpair,
We'll fly to you; — ye gentle, gen'rous fair!
Your ſmiles alone, our courage will inſpire,
We feel already glow, that gen'rous fire,
Which makes th' aſpiring youth ſtill pant for fame,
Virtue by you! —— muſt keep alive her name.

AN ODE,

ON THE JEWISH CAPTIVITY;

Mentioned by the Royal Pſalmiſt, in *Pſalm* cxxxvii.

I.

UPON thoſe banks near BABYLON,
That city great! (for pride well known)
Where fam'd EUPHRATES * glides;
In captive chains oppreſs'd we ſate,
Bemoaning our unhappy fate,
While tears augment her tides.

II.

Our tuneful harps, (alas! while here!)
That once the drooping heart could cheer,
And glad the heavy hours;
Upon the willow trees are hung,
Now quite neglected, all unſtrung,
Like as our mental pow'rs.

* *Euphrates*, the moſt conſiderable and renown'd river in all antiquity; part of which ran thro', and by, the great city of Babylon; which, for its magnificent buildings, grand, and expenſive gardens, was then deem'd the greateſt city in the world.

III.

While thus o'erwhelm'd, alas! our grief,
Here finds us void of all relief!
We ſink beneath its weight:
And now, the proud inſulting foe,
Who triumph in our overthrow,
Still make the burthen great.

IV.

In wanton ſcorn they oft demand,
A Sion ſong, in this ſtrange land,
And bid us tune the ſtring:
They want to hear our joyous ſtrains,
And think, becauſe we're bound in chains,
Alike we're bound to ſing.

V.

But O! if Zion I forget,
Soon may the vitals ceaſe to beat,
Thoſe fingers ceaſe to play;
That uſed o'er all the ſtrings to bound,
And ſkilful ſwell the joyful ſound,
Upon the ſolemn day.

VI.

Thy charms, O Zion! oft we find,
With ſad remembrance fill the mind;
Like floods our ſorrows riſe!

We weep, to think thy beauteous walls,
In ruins with thy temple falls;
Defac'd thy glory lies!

VII.

Diſtreſſing ſight! we now behold,
The ſacred veſſels wrought in gold,
Become the ſpoilers prey:
Thy King! * (who ſaw his offspring ſlain,)
Depriv'd of ſight, (oh horrid ſcene)
In fetters led away.

VIII.

Methinks I hear thoſe ſons of war,
Their barb'rous malice loud declare,
Cry, raſe it to the ground!
Thy holy place, rude hands prophan'd,
Whoſe walls, the blood of prieſts had ſtain'd,
Devouring flames ſurround.

IX.

O gracious Lord! let Iſrael ſay!
Remember Edom on that day;
Humble the heathen's pride:

* *Zedekiah.*——Nebuchadnezar, after deſtroying the city and temple, and putting the people to the ſword, took their king, cauſed his ſons to be ſlain before his face; then put out his eyes, and bound him in fetters of braſs, leading him in triumph, with his unhappy captive, ſubjects to Babylon.

Thrice happy may that people be,
Who ſhall return that cruelty,
They over us employ'd.

X.

May war, with all its dreadful ſcenes,
Deſtroy their cities, ſpoil their plains,
Attack them by ſurprize:
Without relenting, hear their groans,
Their infants daſh againſt the ſtones,
Quite deaf to all their cries.

THE STORY OF NEBUCHADNEZAR:

Paraphraſed from the Book of DANIEL.

I.

M'ADVENT'ROUS muſe attempts to ſing,
Of that vain Babyloniſh king,
Elate with human pride:
But thou,—O King of Kings! inſpire
My ſtrain! and animate the fire,
O'er ev'ry thought preſide.

II.

The greateſt, thou can'ſt ſoon pull down,
Deſtroy the haughty monarch's crown,
On which he builds his truſt:
All human glory melts away
Like ſnow, before the ſun's bright ray,
And ſinks beneath the duſt.

III.

In this, a ſtriking ſcene behold,
The Chaldean prince preſumptive bold,
The Lord of hoſts defies:*

* *Dan.* chap. iii. v. 15. Nebuchadnezar ſpake and ſaid: "If ye worſhip not, ye ſhall be caſt the ſame hour into the midſt of a burning fiery furnace, and who is that God that ſhall deliver you out of my hands?"

His heart ſo ſmit with pomp and ſtate,
Believ'd himſelf ſupremely great,
Of all beneath the ſkies.

IV.

Forgets that ſov'reign pow'r above,
By whom the ſtars in order move;
The univerſe ſuſtains:
Swift lightnings fly at his command,
The winds within his mighty hand,
Deſtroy, or cheer the plains.

V.

By his all-wiſe, creating pow'r,
Each lofty tree, each herb, and flow'r,
Their beauties do diſplay:
And man the lord of all below,
On him bright reaſon did beſtow,
Who ſhou'd due homage pay.

VI.

And yet, this mighty king behold,
Adorn'd with glitt'ring gems, and gold,
His conſcious pride declare:
His princes all around him ſtand,
The chiefs, and nobles of the land,
His grandeur does enſnare.

VII.

With haughty pride he ſwells elate,
Surveys his palace, * —— regal ſtate,
Delighted with the tour:
And while he felt his heart rejoice,
Exulting thus he rais'd his voice,
" Behold, my might and pow'r! †

VIII.

" Is not this houſe I've built ſo grand,
" The chief, the glory of the land,
" Whoſe turrets brave the ſkies?
" Great Babylon! the firſt in fame,
" Does honour to my mighty name;
" Proclaims me great, and wiſe.

IX.

" Come pleaſure, with thy jocund train,
" True joy inſpire, and baniſh pain,
" Wine, elevate my heart!
" Sorrow begone, and ſlaviſh fear,
" Let muſick's ſtrains ſalute mine ear,
" It's ſecret charms impart.

* *Dan.* chap. iv. verſ. 29. He walked in the palace of the kingdom of Babylon; 30. The King ſpake, and ſaid: † " Is not " this great Babylon, that I have built for the houſe of the " kingdom, by the might of my power, and for the honour of " my majeſty?"

X.

" For why, my kingdom * ſtands ſecure,
" Againſt the ſhocks of fate ſo ſure,
" Which act from pole to pole:
" And whom I pleaſe, I lift on high,
" Cruſh ſudden down, — or doom to die; †
" None dare my will controul."

XI.

Soon as this ſpeech prophane tranſpir'd, ‡
Lo! heav'n with indignation fir'd!
Denounc'd the voice of woe:
" From thee, the kingdom now is fled, ‖
" Veng'ance on thy devoted head,
" Shall all it's force beſtow."

XII.

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* *Dan.* chap v. verſe 18. The moſt high God gave Nebuchadnezar thy father, a kingdom and majeſty, and glory, and honour; and for the majeſty that he gave him, all people, nations, and languages, trembled and feared before him. † Whom he wou'd he ſlew, and whom he would he kept alive; and whom he would, he ſet up, and whom he would he put down.

‡ *Dan.* chap. iv. verſe 31. While the word was in the king's mouth, there fell a voice from heaven, ſaying, ‖ " O king " Nebuchadnezar, to thee it is ſpoken; the kingdom is de- " parted from thee, *&c.*" v. 32. and they ſhall drive thee from men, and thy dwelling ſhall be with the beaſts of the field, *&c.*

XII.

And lo,—alas !—that evil hour, *
His foes in num'rous legions pour,
And ſoon the king depoſe : ‖
Drove from the ſplendors of a throne,
He wanders helpleſs, and alone,
To ſeek with beaſts repoſe.

XIII.

Then reaſon left his haughty mind,
His great ideas, ſo refin'd,
All vaniſh far away :
The field's rude path his ſteps purſue,
And now the damps of nightly dew, †
Upon his vitals prey.

XIV.

Oh awful ſtate !—oh wond'rous change !
To ſee the king in deſarts range,
Where ſavage wildneſs reigns :
Stript of the purple robe of ſtate,
The brute becomes his conſtant mate,
Among thoſe dreary ſcenes.

XV.

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* *Dan.* chap. iv. verſe 33. The ſame hour was the thing fulfilled upon Nebuchadnezar.

‖ *Dan.* chap. v. verſe 20. He was depoſed, and they took his glory from him.

† *Dan.* chap. iv. verſe 33. And his body was wet with the dew of heaven.

XV.

The great omnipotent, on high,—
Who views all things beneath the ſky,
With one unerring glance;
The proud can humble, bring them low,
Their vanity and weakneſs ſhow,
The humble will advance.

XVI.

That haughty monarch ſunk ſupine,
Who felt the ſov'reign pow'r divine,
When reaſon did return:*
He ſoon acknowledg'd him ſupreme;
His greatneſs then became the theme,
Which made devotion burn.

XVII.

How great th' almighty lord, on high!†
Whoſe kingdom is above the ſky,
From age to age remains;—
Th' inhabitants of earth around,
With him, as nothing will be found:
Praiſe God in raptur'd ſtrains.‡

XVIII.

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* *Dan.* chap. iv. verſe 34. And mine underſtanding returned unto me.

† *Dan.* chap. iv. verſe 35. And all the inhabitants of the earth are reputed as nothing, &c. &c.

‡ *Dan.* chap. iv. verſe 37. Now I Nebuchadnezar, praiſe, and extol, and honour the King of Heaven, &c. &c.

XVIII.

His hand no human pow'r can ſtay,
Or what do'ſt thou?---dare any ſay?
The proud he can abaſe!---
His truth and judgments, all are right,
And matchleſs glory, heav'nly bright,
Still iſſues from his face.

XIX.

And thus Jehovah, great and good!
Thro' all his Works, is underſtood,
Behold, how wiſe the plan!
If we obſerve his great decree,
This ſtriking truth, we plainly ſee,
Pride ne'er was made for MAN.

REFLECTIONS ON HUMAN LIFE.

TIME'S records, now reflection bring,
And fancy paints the proſpect fair:
The while, my muſe attempts to ſing,
When firſt I breath'd Life's vital air.

'Twas in the happy year fourteen,
When *George*,* with ſplendor filled the throne;
Succeeding *Anne*, our gracious queen:
Great *Brunſwick*'s line glad *Britons* own.

Fame ſpread abroad the grateful Sound,
Fair liberty diſplay'd her ſmiles;
Triumphant peace with laurels crown'd,
Inſpir'd with joy the *Britiſh* iſles.

But fleeting time's broad, ſteady wing,
Soon ſweeps our rolling years away;
The humble peaſant, potent king,
Submit to his ſuperior ſway.

Ere

* George the Firſt.

Ere he has made one circling tour,
What revolutions oft we ſee;
He cuts down many a tender flow'r,
And makes the ſtrong, like ſhadows flee.

Yet ſome, he leads thro' many a round,
With pleaſure, health, and plenty bleſt;
And age with ſilv'ry honours crown'd,
Without a groan retires to reſt

Others, (alas!---) oft drag a chain
Of diſappointmens all their days;
Tho' form'd with merit, ſcarce obtain
Wherewith to paſs thro' life with eaſe.

For oft, we ſee in low diſguiſe,
True worth, and merit meet neglect;
While wretches (virtue ſhould deſpiſe,)
By fortune's ſmiles, obtain reſpect.

Th' obſcure, in ſhades, that pining lie,
Sometimes are rais'd, and bleſt with ſtore;
The proud,---with ſplendor hfted high,
Oft fall (alas!---) to riſe no more.

In theſe viciſſitudes, what haſte,
And mould'ring temples we ſurvey;
Time's mighty arm, lays empires waſte!
The world's great globe, muſt paſs away;

For time himſelf, who runs the rounds,
From diſſolution is not free;
When the deciſive trumpet ſounds,
Muſt yield, to vaſt eternity,

When we review with mental eye,
And thro' paſt ſcenes of pleaſure rove;
How ſoon is fled, each tranſient joy!
The future, ſeems but ſlow to move.

Yet, if we let that ſubtile pow'r,
Elude our graſp, and glide away;
We can't recall the fleeting hour,
And often rue the ſad delay.

Then let us ſeize him as he flies,
Each precious minute, faſt ſecure;
By deeds of virtue daily riſe,
And future happineſs enſure.

For thro' the vary'd ſcenes of life,
This chequer'd ſtate of human things;
Of grief, and pain, oppreſſion, ſtrife,
The fall of ſtates, and riſe of kings;

We feel affliction's grievous ſtroke,
Or adverſe fortune clouds the day;
Yet, muſt ſubmit to bear the yoke
Tho' cares upon our vitals prey.

Our infant ſtate, what ills ſurround!
Which often cut the vital thread;
And how precarious life is found,
When youth's gay, ſlipp'ry paths we tread.

Oft in a maze of error loſt,
In riper years, weak man's betray'd;
By ſenſual taſte, and paſſion toſt,
While tyrant cuſtom's ſnares miſlead.

Amidſt the crooked, thorny way,
We often faint, and ſhou'd expire,
But virtue, patience does diſplay,
And hope, the troubled breaſt inſpire.

Since

Since born to ſtem life's devious tide,
And weather thro' the beating ſtorm;
Thou pow'r ſupreme!---O be my guide!
While I, th' allotted part perform.

With plain repaſt, my wants ſupply,
Grant me but health, and tranquil peace;
And as the winged minutes fly,
May wiſdom, virtue ſtill increaſe.

Teach me to prize the preſent hour,
Recount the mercies I receive;
With gratitude admire thy pow'r,
My future hope!---in whom I live:

That when I ſhall my life review,
May find I have not liv'd in vain
Reform what's paſt, and truth purſue,
Till joys immortal change the ſcene!

The COMPLAINT.

MY fond heart that ſo oft with delight,
Careſs'd my dear *Jenny* in play;
Is like the loſt ſhepherd by night,
Who longs for the dawn of the day:
For ah!——what a change I perceive,
Now abſent from her I adore!
I languiſh, I ſigh, and I grieve,
For the moments I cannot reſtore.

All nature ſeems languid and dead,
Has loſt the chief motive to pleaſe;
With her, ev'ry pleaſure is fled,
Quite baniſh'd my peace, and my eaſe.
The warblers who ſing in the grove,
The lambs on the green tho' they play;
No joyous ſenſation can move,
For *Jenny* is abſent each day.

PROLOGUE:

Spoken by one of the young Gentlemen of Mr. GIBBONS's School, at BARR; to the Play of CATO, performed *December* 19th, 1760.

TO form the mind,——to humanize the heart,
And ev'ry gen'rous ſentiment impart,
'Tis education aids the mental pow'rs,
Whence ſeeds of *virtue* riſe like fragrant flow'rs,
Cultur'd, and nouriſh'd in ſome friendly ſoil,
Whoſe happy produce, well rewards the toil.
Thus, we, to emulate the wiſe and great,
Do ſtudy,——read,——their glorious acts repeat:
Such acts as raiſe, and dignify the mind,
Make all its pow'rs and faculties refin'd.
Superior to the adverſe ſtorms of fate,
We now encourag'd are to imitate.
But then, to ſpeak with dignity and eaſe,
Acquire thoſe arts, by which we aim to pleaſe!
The tragic muſe whoſe moving ſcenes delight,
We now preſume to repreſent this night.
Oh! let your candour, eaſe our conſcious fears,
In mere compaſſion to our tender years;

Then

Then will our ſouls, with gen'rous ardour glow,
While from our lips thoſe ſentiments ſhall flow,
Which *Cato's* patriot boſom did inſpire;
In *Juba* kindled all that martial fire,
Which led him on, to favour and to fame,
For Roman virtue,——dignified his name!
When *Rome*,——O happy *Rome*!——with ſplendor ſhone,
By arts,——by arms,——and glorious conqueſts won;
'Twas liberty alone, the breaſt inſpir'd,
Her glorious cauſe, the martial hero fir'd!
Then, arts and wealth, diffus'd their bleſſings round,
And peace, and plenty ſmil'd, with laurels crown'd.
Then faction,——diſcord,——baniſh'd, fled away,
Her ſplendid charms, fair virtue did diſplay.
For her, great *Cato* fell:----to aid her cauſe
His eloquence the ſenate mov'd——and fix'd thoſe laws,
Whoſe bright example, ages yet to come
In love of liberty, ſhall copy him, and *Rome!*
Now to *Britannia*, let us turn our eyes,——
Survey the glorious ſcene!——behold her ſplendor riſe.
Her hero's deeds! fame wafts from ſhore to ſhore,
Her conqueſts great!——her ſenate, all adore,

Where truth and wiſdom, guide the helm of ſtate;
Her annals ſhine,——with actions truly great.
Sweet ſocial concord, warms each Britiſh heart,
While wealth and plenty, all their gifts impart.
Nay more! theſe happy days ſuch bleſſings own,
A *native king*, adorns the Britiſh throne!
Sprung from a glorious, and a royal line,
In him behold,——illuſtrious virtues ſhine!
Such as attract, and win his people's love,
Who all, with joy, the worthy prince approve:
A prince,——* who glories in the *Britiſh* name,
Muſt ev'ry Engliſh breaſt with love enflame!
Each gen'rous *Briton* now has cauſe to ſing,
Long live great *George* the third!——our *native*, rightful king!

EPI-

* See His Majeſty's firſt ſpeech in parliament.

EPITAPH:

Upon a very lovely BOY.

BRIGHT as the gems the wealthy orients boaſt,
Sweet as the odours of their ſpicey coaſt,
A pearly dew-drop, ſee ſome flow'r adorn,
And grace with all its pride the riſing morn;
But ſoon, the ſun emits a fiercer ray,
And the fair fabrick ruſhes to decay;
Low in the duſt the beauteous ruin lies,
While the pure vapour ſeeks its native ſkies;
A fate like this, to the ſweet youth was given,
Who ſparkl'd, bloom'd, and was exhal'd to heaven.

The ROBIN:

AN ELEGIAC POEM,

Wrote at the cloſe of AUTUMN, 1756.

LET me invoke the plaintive muſe,
With ſolemn dirge, to aid my ſtrain;
Ye ſhades deſcend, and weeping dews,
While grief involves the rural plain.

Alas!——and can ye chuſe but moan,
To ſee all nature's charms expire?
Fair blooming ſpring, gay ſummer gone,
And autumn haſt'ning to retire?

Quite ſtript of ev'ry beauty, ſee
How ſoon their vernal honours fade;
The flow'rs decay, each ſpreading tree,
No more affords a grateful ſhade.

Their naked branches now behold!
Bleak winds pierce thro' with murm'ring ſound,
Admit the northen breezes cold;
And leafy ruins ſtrow the ground,

So

So man, who treads life's active ſtage,
Like leaf, or bloſſom, fades away;
In tender youth, or riper age,
Drops thus, into his former clay.

Her mantle grave, cool ev'ning ſpreads,
Now ſoon obſcures each pleaſing view;
The riſing hills, the flow'ry meads,
Each proſpect fair, we bid adieu.

The ſun, cuts ſhort his joyful race,
Stern winter brings his gloomy train;
And nature's languid, dying face,
In ſolemn ſadneſs ſhuts the ſcene.

The red-breaſt, dear domeſtic bird!
Who now forſakes the leafleſs grove;
In days of yore was much prefer'd,
* Sacred to hoſpitable love.

He ſooths me with his plaintive tale,
When Sol withdraws his friendly ray;
Soon as the ev'ning ſhades prevail,
And cloſe the ſhort remains of day.

* It has always been deemed ominous to hurt the Robin.

O welcome, to my homely board!
For thee I'll ope a lib'ral hand;
Were it with choiceſt dainties ſtor'd,
There unmoleſted thou ſhouldſt ſtand.

Since you, of all the warbling throng,
(Who now to warmer climes retire;)
Remain to cheer me with a ſong,
And many a pleaſing thought inſpire.

O then adieu, dear rural ſcenes!
Fair blooming ſpring, and ſummer gay;
Autumn's decline this truth explains,
That I, like them muſt ſoon decay.

When hoary age, like winter peers,
The vital ſprings will ſlowly move;
Then retroſpects on former years,
Like as a flatt'ring dream ſhall prove.

A VERNAL ODE

ON THE RETURN OF SPRING:

WITH SOME REFLECTIONS CONCERNING THE RESURRECTION.

WHILE others ſing the rage of war,
The horrid feats of gun and ſpear,
Spread o'er the hoſtile plain:
More pleaſing themes inſpire my muſe,
To ſee fair ſpring her charms diffuſe,
Where peace and concord reign!

All muſt the lovely nymph admire,
When ſhe appears in gay attire,
To hail the roſie morn:
Her brows with various bloſſoms crown'd,
Her rich, green robe that ſweeps the ground,
The earlieſt flow'rs adorn.

With pleaſure ſparkling in her eyes,
She bids the flow'ry tribes ariſe,
And all their ſweets unfold:

The

The primroſe fair, and violet blue,
The cowſlip ſweet, of yellow hue,
Enrich'd with ſtuds of gold.

When ſhe diſplays her vernal charms,
Her ſmile, the raptur'd boſom warms,
Her aſpect cheers the ſight:
The air ſo mild, ſerene and ſweet,
All nature ſeems the fair to greet,
With pleaſure and delight.

Soft Zephyrs float on fragrant wings,
Health, opens her ſalubrious ſprings,
Each rural ſcene is bleſt:
The warbling choirs begin their loves,
'Mong flow'ry fields and ſhady groves,
Now form the curious neſt.

The former joyous ſtrains they try,
And early mount the azure ſky,
To hail the blooming fair!
Since winter's gloomy train retires,
Fair ſpring, the world with life inſpires,
And wakes the joyful year.

When ſhe appears, the inſect bands,
Oppreſs'd by winter's icy hands,
As from the grave ariſe!

Call'd

Call'd forth, by Sol's reviving ray,
Their varied ſilken wings diſplay,
Whoſe beauties feaſt our eyes.

In theſe, an emblem fit we ſee,
Of man reſtor'd to liberty,
From death's tyranic chains;
When that laſt, glorious morn ſhall riſe,
Cœleſtial bands throughout the ſkies,
Shall ſound immortal ſtrains.

Whoſe notes will wake the ſleeping duſt,
And make the grave reſign its truſt,
Re-animate his clay:
And then, the tender * partners join'd,
With pow'rs immortal and refin'd,
Shall view eternal day.

Thus, ev'ry ſweet reſolving ſpring,
Old time leads up with joyful wing,
To glad the ſmiling hours:
The mind depreſs'd by winter's glooms,
Then opens her ideal plumes,
And tries her active pow'rs.

VERSES

* The union of ſoul and body ſeparated at death.

VERSES

DESIGNED FOR

A VALENTINE.

Wrote at the requeſt of a FRIEND, a few days after the time.

AS o'er the fields I penſive ſtray'd,
The ſun his cheering beams diſplay'd;
All nature ſeem'd with joy to ſmile,
As ſurly winter quits our iſle.
Sweet, vernal ſpring begins to riſe
With new delights, to feaſt our eyes!
The ſnow-drop ſweet, of modeſt hue,
(Whoſe virgin white reſembles *you*)
The firſt of all the flow'ry train,
Advances on the verdant plain;
While high in air, the warbling throngs,
Exert their ſweet melodious ſongs.
'Tis love alone, each breaſt inſpires,
This animates the feather'd choirs;
For this, they gayly plume the wing,
For this, what varied ſtrains they ſing.
In flocks of ſocial pairs they join,
Which made me think of *Valentine*.

Now,

Now, tho' I miſs'd the very day,
Yet, muſt to you this tribute pay;
To ſhew like them my ardent love,
Like them my faithful paſſion prove.
Could I, like them, advance in air,
I'd fly to thee, my charming fair;
But, tho' on wings I cannot riſe,
In thought, I often feaſt my eyes,
And think your pleaſing form appears,
Or charming voice delights my ears.
So when the fragrant flow'rs, in bloom
Do all their wonted charms reſume,
In ev'ry beauteous teint I ſee,
A borrow'd charm that's ſtole from thee.
But O! the beauties of thy mind,
With ſenſe and virtue ſo refin'd,
Like Sol's refulgent, ſmiling ray,
Shine in my thoughts with conſtant day.
The glorious ſun ſhall quit the ſky,
And nature languiſh, faint and die:
Time ſhall retire,——nay ceaſe to be,
Sooner than I'll prove falſe to thee.

POETICAL REFLECTIONS

ON THE

Sudden Death of A LADY.

Boaſt not thy ſelf of to morrow: for thou knoweſt not what a day may bring forth.

PROV. ch. xxvii. v. 1.

THAT royal * bard! if we attend,
Whoſe precepts were by wiſdom pen'd,
Among the many truths he ſaid,
We often find,——this, full diſplay'd.
O man! thou creature of an hour!
Frail as the tender, blooming flow'r,
Boaſt not of any pleaſing ſcheme,
For life itſelf, is but a dream.
Nor ſay, to morrow I'll purſue,
Some fav'rite pleaſure, freſh and new,
Since the event, we plainly ſee
Of a mere minute's, hid from thee.
Behold! the roſie morn ariſe,
The ſun with ſplendor gild the ſkies!

And

* Solomon.

And yet,——before the day is paſt,
We ſee its glory overcaſt:
The ſmiling ſky with darkneſs low'rs,
Obſcures the day with clouds and ſhow'rs.
Thus oft we find our greateſt joys,
One hour, or minute quite deſtroys!
And death involves in endleſs night,
Each charming object of delight.
This was (alas!) *Prudentia*'s caſe,
Prudentia! ſprung of virtuous race!
Who, in her prime, thus left life's ſtage,
'Ere ſhe had finiſh'd half an age:
Juſt at the time her cheerful mind,
A ſcheme of pleaſure had deſign'd.
Thus, do our warm ideas ſtray,
Thro' fiction's ſoft, enchanting way:
We fondly feaſt the mental eye,
Anticipate the future joy;
And hope that pleaſure to receive,
Which oft fruition does not give.
Thus unexpected, with ſurprize,
Heav'n call'd her from her earthly joys;
She now is fled to realms of fame,
And left behind, a worthy name!
The tender wife,——the parent dear,
The neighbour kind, the friend ſincere;

With ev'ry ſocial virtue join'd,
And true religious turn of mind,
Decent and plain, quite free from pride,
Her heart to truth was cloſe ally'd;
And oft wou'd gen'rous pity ſhow,
To ſympathize with others woe.
Averſe to envy, noiſe, and ſtrife,
Diſcharg'd her part aſſign'd in life.
Her ſudden death, (oh awful ſound!)
Hath left her friends in ſorrow drown'd!
But yet,——this conſolation's giv'n,
She's gone to meet her friends in heav'n,
Releas'd from ev'ry worldly care,
With them, immortal joys to ſhare!
Therefore let thoſe ſhe left behind,
Like her, adorn, improve the mind:
And tho' ſhe's gone ſometime before,
They'll meet again to part no more.

EPI-

EPITAPH.

ALL you, this ſacred ground that tread,
Where various ſcatter'd hillocs riſe;
Learn, from theſe manſions of the dead,
Your mortal ſtate——be timely wiſe!

The ſleeping duſt, this tomb contains,
Once view'd the place, as you do now;
Oft ſtray'd among life's buſy ſcenes,
And felt its crimſon current glow.

But juſt in that gay, ſmiling hour,
Ere ſhe had meaſur'd half an age;
Death's icy fingers nipt the flow'r,
And ſnatch'd it blooming from the ſtage.

Then, leſt that ſubtile thief appear,
And unexpected you ſurprize;
Review the grave, ſit looſe from care,
Aſpire to bliſs, which never dies.

That bliſs! ſo permanent and ſure!
For which ſhe always liv'd prepar'd,
Her chriſtian virtues did ſecure;
That heavenly hope, that bleſt reward,

Which leads to purer joys on high;
Expects to ſee that morn diſplay,
When all within the grave that lie,
Shall riſe, and view eternal day!

VERSES

ON THE DEATH OF

THE LATE KING.

WHAT heavy glooms oppreſs my ſoul,
What awful thoughts ſucceſſive riſe?
The winds in ſolemn murmers roll,
And clouds obſcure the ſmiling ſkies!

No ſprightly note, along the ſtreet,
That us'd to cheer the op'ning morn;
Quite ſad the look of all I meet,
While commerce droops, and ſeems forlorn.

What means this ſudden awful ſcene?
My ſad ſuſpenſe, O heav'n relieve!
Ye ſacred pow'rs above that reign,
Say why does fair Britannia grieve?

Hark, hark! alas, that heart-felt groan!
Which dies along the murm'ring ſhore;
She droops, ſhe ſinks beneath the throne,
Her friend, her fav'rite's now no more.

Soon

Soon as the fatal news tranſpir'd,
Swift babbling echo, wafts the ſound;
With grief, old father * Thames retir'd,
And ſunk beneath the deep profound.

Great *George*, alas! who t'other day,
With joy his gallant † troops ſurvey'd;
Whoſe ſplendid banners, rich array,
A glorious warlike ſcene diſplay'd.

But oh! how ſoon the glory's o'er,
The tranſient ſtate of human things!
Great *George*, alas! is now no more,
The ſoldier brave! the beſt of kings!

'Twas his, to weild the ‡ awful ſword
Of juſtice,——with a ſteady hand!
§ A monarch faithful to his word,
‖ And mild, when rebels toſs'd the brand.

* Tho' this may be deem'd a poetical licenſe, yet the propriety of it in this place is peculiarly beautiful, as there was a very remarkable revolution in the tide the morning the king died; for it fell lower than ever was known in the memory of man.

† The Monday before he died, he reviewed a regiment of light horſe in Hyde Park.

‡ Tho' a prince of great lenity, yet, he was never known to pardon murder.

§ His fidelity and honour, as an ally, are univerſally known.

‖ He was not rigourous in his reſentment in the late unnatural rebellion: as he did not make an example of ſo many as he might have done.

Mercy, and truth, in concord join'd,
Supporters of his glorious throne;
To him, the rights of all mankind,
Were deem'd as ſacred as his own.

Bright vict'ry ſmil'd with laurels crown'd,
And laid her ſpoils beneath his feet;
Fame ſpreads abroad the grateful ſound,
Which ages yet unborn ſhall greet.

Within his royal breaſt revolv'd
Great Britain's weal, both night and day;
In luxury's lap, ne'er ſunk diſſolv'd,
But temp'rance led his cheerful way.

And thus his reign with ſplendor ſhone,
While mildneſs did the laws diſpenſe:
Soon as his work of life was done,
Heav'n ſaw,---approv'd,---and call'd him hence;

That bleſt immortal crown to wear,
Whoſe heav'nly luſtre ne'er will fade:
Free from the thorns of mortal care,
Honours divine to him are made.

But now! the ſkies break forth more clear,
The clouds diſperſe and fly away;
The heav'ns with ſplendid joy appear;
Again we ſee a happy day!

Another *George* aſcends the throne,
In whom illuſtrious virtues ſhine!
A native king glad *Britons* own!
Sprung from an honour'd, royal line.

He comes to bleſs the fav'rite iſle,
And raiſe *Britannia*'s drooping head;
* His gen'rous ardour makes her ſmile,
Her grief, and every ſorrow's fled.

Fair liberty with ſecret joy,
Beholds the patriot prince appear!
And ſtrains of gratitude employ
His loyal ſubjects far and near.

* *His generous ardour*,——where he ſaid in his declaration, "But being animated by the tendereſt concern and affection "for this my native country." And, in his moſt gracious ſpeech from the throne, he ſaid "I glory in the name of Briton."

The lib'ral arts, with pleaſure view,
In him, a patron, and a friend!
Honour's bright path, his ſteps purſue,
On him, the graces all attend.

Fair plenty ſmiles with open arms,
And longs her ſiſter to receive;
For mutual love, has mutual charms:
Such bleſſings, peace and plenty give.

Then let the voice of muſic raiſe
Her moſt exalted raptures round;
Since *George the Third* who merits praiſe,
By glory, and by fame is crown'd.

THE ROSE.

Addreſſed to SYLVIA.

SYLVIA, behold yon blooming Roſe,
The glory of the flow'ry tribe!
The various charms its leaves diſcloſe,
The muſe alas! can ne'er deſcribe.

It ſeems to court thy lovely hands,
Yet bluſhes as you draw more near;
Its beauteous foilage now expands,
Since rival'd by a maid ſo fair.

But oh! the perfum'd flower ſpare,
To cheer and entertain the ſight;
And waft that fragrance thro' the air,
Which gives the morn its chief delight.

From hence remov'd, it fades and dies,
Soon loſes all its rich perfume,
For that, which now attracts our eyes,
Can ne'er its wonted charms reſume.

Thus, when I view thy riſing charms,
The pride of all the rural plain;
Thy fate my tender breaſt alarms,
And fills my anxious ſoul with pain.

INVOCATION

TO

HEALTH and CHEERFULNESS.

ARISE my muſe, and tune the ſtring,
Shake off the chains of worldly care!
Now mount on contemplation's wing,
And breathe the pure, refreſhing air.

Forget the noiſe and ſmoak of town,
And all the jarring ſons of ſtrife;
Who intellectual pleaſures drown,
And ſpoil the trueſt joys of life.

Calm, rural ſcenes delight the mind,
And open all its mental pow'rs;
The joys they give are free and kind,
As genial drops, or fragrant flow'rs.

Nature unlocks her bounteous ſtore,
Brings all her ſecret charms to light;
I feel her ſweet attractive pow'r,
Revive my ſoul, and cheer my ſight!

Come

Come thou fair nymph, whoſe placid ſmile
  Diſpels thoſe glooms which preſs the ſoul;
Sweet *Cheerfulneſs!* do thou beguile
  Thoſe thoughts, that wou'd my joys controul!

Bid ev'ry hateful demon fly,
  Make all their num'rous train retire;
Bring meek-ey'd peace, and tranquil joy,
  And with their charms my breaſt inſpire.

And thou, bright maid! whoſe roſie bloom,
  Reſtores the ſweets of life and joy!
O, lovely *Health*!—thy place reſume;—
  For me, thy friendly aid employ!

Brace up each ſlacken'd, feeble nerve,
  Bid all the gen'rous ſpirits flow;
Sweet mental harmony preſerve,
  And baniſh ev'ry gloomy foe.

Then ſhall my muſe, with joyful ſong,
  To thee her grateful tribute pay;
The lyre no more ſhall lye unſtrung,
  But ſwell the bold enraptur'd lay!

STANZAS,

STANZAS,

ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

I.

ARMS, and the man, my muſe inſpires,
While *Britain's* cauſe my boſom fires,
To ſing of glorious deeds!
Yet, tho' ſhe hears fame's trumpet ſound,
Sees vict'ry ſmile with laurels crown'd,
Her breaſt with pity bleeds.

II.

For *Wolfe*—(oh! dreadful fate of war!)
Returns in death's ſad, mournful car,
To greet his native iſle:
See! ſee!——his trophy'd plumes appear,
And *Britons* ſhed the gen'rous tear,
Which drowns each grateful ſmile!

III.

For grateful ſmiles, for our ſucceſs,
Th' exulting heart, wou'd fain expreſs,
For favours heav'n diſplays:
Now wiſdom guides the helm of ſtate,
Our warriors brave, act truly great,
And merit all our praiſe.

IV.

IV.

Lo, *Wolfe!*——when *Britain*'s int'reſt calls,
Soon mounts rough rocks, and lofty walls,
Where *Quebec*'s tow'rs ariſe:
There led his troops undaunted on,
And ſaw that glorious conqueſt won,
In which he bravely dies.

V.

Juſt in the florid bloom of * youth,
Was ſo attach'd to fame and truth,
That pleaſure's wiles were vain:
Whether ſhe ſparkled in the bowl,
Or wanton loves, t' enchant the ſoul,
Yet firm, did he remain.

VI.

While others, in the lap of eaſe
Supinely ſit, and waſte their days,
Where vice their courage palls;
But he! the toils of war ſuſtains,
No coward-ſhifts his honour ſtains,
But flies tho' danger † calls.

VII.

* He was but thirty years of age.——

† Tho' the attempt was ſo dangerous, and he had (comparatively ſpeaking) but a handful of men to go on ſuch an enterprize, yet, his reſolution and courage was ſuch, that he perſevered, tho' they were obliged to draw one another up the ſteep rocks by the hand, a ſingle man at a time. He certainly was of that great general's way of thinking, who replyed to a commanding officer, that ſaid the attempt he was ordered to go on would be attended with danger, "That he did not know of any "attempts in war that were not ſo."

VII.

While thro' his wounds rich crimſon flow'd,
His gen'rous heart, with raptures glow'd,
Nor ſhrunk beneath his fate,
But freely for his country bled:
The expiring hero, bow'd his head,
And nobly clos'd life's date.

VIII.

Since thus he fell,——let Britons ſing,
While fame extends her joyful wing,
And ſpreads abroad the ſound;
Which echo wafts from ſhore to ſhore,
Her hero's virtues, all adore,
Are now with honour crown'd.

IX.

Now change the ſtrain,——let *Britons* ſing,
Long live great *George!* our virtuous king!
Proud *Gallia's* ſchemes are vain:
Britannia's vengeful thunder roars,
And ſhakes with fear their guilty ſhores;
She triumphs o'er the main.

O D E,

On the KING's BIRTH DAY.

YE tuneful muſes of the lyre,
Your ſtrains ſublime let *George* inſpire,
Now ſtrike the ſweeteſt ſtring;
For lo!——the bright auſpicious day!
Britain's illuſtrious peers ſo gay.
Now hail their *native* king.

A prince adorn'd with ev'ry charm,
That can a ſov'reign's boſom warm,
Where virtue does reſide:
He's born to bleſs the happy iſle,
Around him ſee the graces ſmile,
And fame in ſplendor ride.

The lib'ral arts with pleaſure meet,
With joy their royal patron greet,
Who dignifies the name:
By him they flouriſh,——lo they riſe!
See genius emulate the * prize,
And ſeek the paths to fame.

Fair

* The premiums given by the ſociety for encouragement of arts and ſciences.

Fair ſmiling plenty ope's her hand,
Whoſe bounty gladdens all the land,
The hills and vallies ſing:
Britannia, now exults to ſee,
The guardian of her liberty,
Is now her *native* king!

Faction and diſcord,——(hateful ſound!)
Are now in deep oblivion drown'd,
Sweet tranquil joy is ſeen;
For wiſdom guides the helm of ſtate,
George makes our happineſs complete,
Which brightens all the ſcene.

His fond affection muſt conſpire,
To raiſe *Britannia's* glory higher,
Add luſtre to the crown!
For his attachment to her weal,
Now animates his filial zeal,
And gains him great renown.

Religion ſee, with fervent eye,
Invokes the pow'rs above the ſky,
To make his life their care:
While health extends her roſie wing,
With length of days to bleſs the king!
Kind heav'n, O hear her prayer.

O *Britons!*——annual tribute pay,
And gladly hail th' auſpicious day,
Your native king was born!
While time, who leads the circling hours,
Shall ſtrow his paths with fragrant flow'rs,
And bleſs the happy morn.

War!——ſtop thy bloody, dread career!
O lovely peace!——once more appear,
To thee, the orphan cries:
Ye haughty monarchs, proud and vain,
Your mad ambition O reſtrain,
For there true glory lies.

O happy *Britain!*——thy bleſt Iſle,
(With joy inſpir'd by *George*'s ſmile)
No hoſtile deed alarms!
The arts with all their brilliant train,
Compoſe the ſweet harmonious ſcene,
Each gen'rous paſſion warms.

Then let the choral band ariſe,
With one accord ſalute the ſkies,
Expreſs their grateful ſtrains;
Since, on this bright, auſpicious day,
Britannia does her charms diſplay,
Her *George*, her fav'rite reigns.

DOSTHILL*-SPAW:

WITH A DESCRIPTION

Of the COUNTRY ADJACENT.

YOU that prefer the joys of health,
Before the ſordid gains of wealth;
The grave, the gay, the young, the fair,
Who'd breathe the pure and wholeſome air,
Go viſit DOSTHILL's happy ſprings,
Where health deſcends on balmy wings.
She ſheds her friendly influence there,
The languid ſoul to raiſe and cheer;

While nature opens all her ſtores
From woods and groves, from fields and flow'rs,
T' adorn, and bleſs the happy ground,
Where thoſe ſalubrious ſtreams abound.
Your maladies, wou'd you remove,
And health, and vigour ſtill improve,
Go, do not linger, haſte away,
Nor ſuffer by too long delay.

For

* This Spaw is about a mile diſtant from TAMWORTH, in Staffordſhire, and near the borders of Warwickſhire.

For there, the ſickly, languid maid,
Whoſe blooming cheeks begin to fade,
Will feel the gen'rous ſpirits flow,
The dying roſes bloom and glow;
And hence receive freſh, laſting charms,
To fill the breaſt with love's alarms!
They'll make the old, look young again,
And baniſh ev'ry ache and pain;
While bracing ev'ry ſlacken'd nerve,
They long the bloom of health preſerve.
From thoſe who drag that heavy chain,
Of hypocondria's horrid train,
They ev'ry dæmon ſoon diſpel,
And all the hurried ſpirits quell:
Sweet mental harmony reſtore,
Give health, tho' ſickneſs reign'd before.
For what is equipage and wealth,
When there is wanting eaſe and health?
Had we all *Cræſus'* mighty ſtore,
His glitt'ring heaps of golden ore,
The while we groan, or ſigh with pain,
Alas!——the mere poſſeſſion's vain.

Then haſte and drink the healing draught,
That is with ſuch rare virtues fraught!
Its pow'r like *Lethe's*, when you taſte
You'll ſoon forget the ſorrows paſt;
While all complaints, it ſoon relieves,
To life the trueſt reliſh gives!

The houſe is neat, (on riſing ground)
Commanding pleaſing proſpects round:
There landſkips gay, attract the ſight
From various views, to give delight;
And oft in ſcatter'd groupes we ſee,
The rural ſcenes of induſtry.
The flow'ry meads the lab'rer mows,
Soon riſe the cocks in fragrant rows;
Which done, the cheerful, rural throng,
Forget their toil, in mirth and ſong.

There plenty leads her joyful train,
'Mong flow'ry meads, and golden grain;
And near, a copious river flows,
Which like a floating mirror ſhows
The verdant margin's ſloping ſide,
Whoſe branching trees ſalute the tide;
Meand'ring ſweet, o'er ſpacious meads,
Or glancing oft thro' ſylvan ſhades,
You ſee her take her wand'ring way,
And make the face of nature gay!
Thus rolls along, the murm'ring ſtream,
On records call'd the beauteous * *Fame!*

She

* A river which firſt riſes in Staffordſhire, and forms its courſe thro' part of Warwickſhire, running by *Drayton manor*, lord *Middleton*'s, and *Tamworth*, ſo on to *Burton*.

CAMDEN.

She wide extends her cryſtal arms,
And gives to * Tamworth all its charms;
Which takes from her, its honoured name,
In day of yore, a place of fame,
Where † *Mercian* kings did once reſide,
Whoſe town two countries doth divide:
This felt the hoſtile ſhocks of § war,
Which good ‖ *Elfleda* did repair.
‡ She raiſed the mount, whoſe lofty height,
Suſtains the caſtle's pond'rous weight!

Here * *Edgar*'s daughter, royal maid!
Her vows of virgin honours paid;
From pomp and noiſe, did here retire,
To feed devotion's ſacred fire.
O happy! happy ſtate! aſſign'd
To calm and eaſe the world-ſick mind;

* *Tamworth*, takes its name from the river *Tame*.

† The kings of *Mercia* had a palace here.

§ The incurſions of the *Danes*, who deſtroyed the town.

‖ It was reſtored again, by that renowned lady queen *Elfleda*, who was wife of king *Edgar*, and daughter of the good king *Alfred*..

‡ She rais'd the mount, and built the caſtle; many other ſuch good deeds in this kingdom have immortalized her memory.

DUGDALE.

* King *Edgar*'s daughter, a very pious young lady, who erected a nunnery here, and at *Poleſworth*, about two miles off, devoting herſelf to perpetual ſtate of virginity, and a religious life, employed in acts of charity and benevolence.

DUGDALE's *Acch.*

When free from ſuperſtitious awe,
Or crafty prieſthood's penal law;
For then the mind (from fetters free)
Enjoys the ſweets of liberty!
But *Doſtbill!* can theſe ſweets ſupply,
From all reſtraints, you there enjoy
The boundleſs, ſoul enchanting ſcene,
Where beauty, wide extends her reign!

The vales, with herds and flocks abound,
Extenſive woods, and groves ſurround;
Where honour'd * ſeats, and † temples riſe,
With turrets glitt'ring in the ſkies!
Or on the river's ſurface play
Minute, like pictures painted gay.
Whoſe banks, adorn'd with groves and glades,
Retiring ſcenes, and pleaſing ſhades;
Where you may find relief from care,
And taſte the balmy, breathing air!
There, ſee the morn her charms diſplay,
Eve. ſmiling, cloſe the ſplendid day!
Her mild, and gentle ſhades deſcend,
And oft, the happy muſe befriend.
You then may touch the tuneful ſtring,
Or riſe on contemplation's wing,

And

* Lord *Weymouth*'s, lord *Middleton*'s and many others.
† *Kingſbury*, *Middleton*, *Drayton* and *Tamworth* churches.

And all thoſe wond'rous ſcenes explore,
Of heav'nly heights, or nature's ſtore;
Survey the author's noble plan,
Reaſon's reflective power's in man!
The while, the ſweetly warbling choirs,
The mind with tranquil joy inſpires.

THE RECONCILEMENT:

OR, THE

POET'S REFLECTIONS,

On viewing his INFANT'S GRAVE.

O LOVELY ſleeper! how ſerene,
Thy peaceful, happy ſlumbers are,
Now thou haſt left this horrid ſcene,
Of grief, deceit, and anxious care!

How oft, theſe eyes which view thy grave,
Have burſt with tears of bitter woe!
How oft my tortur'd ſoul did rave,
At death's tyrannic, fatal blow.

But oh! experience makes me ſee,
My partial fondneſs and miſtake;
For now, methinks I envy thee
A reſt, no hateful jars can break.

Thy early, gen'rous, op'ning mind,
Increaſing years had ſtill improv'd;
And ev'ry pleaſing charm refin'd,
Had heighten'd joy, O moſt belov'd.

Indulg'd by fond paternal care,
Thy mind with ev'ry grace to form;
I might, alas! have left THEE here,
To ſtruggle with affliction's ſtorm.

Like as a little bark expos'd,
Down life's wide ſea of troubles borne;
No ſteady friend, like me diſpos'd: ——
Without a pilot, quite forlorn.

For oh! this wretched, ſpiteful world,
So full of treach'ry and deceit;
Whoſe poiſ'nous darts of malice hurl'd,
Does all our tranquil joys defeat.

Virtue, alas! can ne'er protect,
Her vot'ries here from rage or ſtrife;
Genius, too often meets neglect,
And merit ſhares an envy'd life.

O lovely ſleeper! thou art free,
From all thoſe bitter draughts of woe;
How happy! ſhall I reſt with thee,
When I, thy tranquil ſtate ſhall know.

Oh! if thy gentle ſpirit knows,
What anxious care my paths attend;
For my defence, O! interpoſe!
Till I, thy bleſt abode aſcend.

Methinks, theſe tender ſpires of graſs,
Which on thy grave look freſh and green;
Tell how our fleeting moments paſs,
While on this buſy active ſcene.

For tho' the morn with ſparkling dew,
Beſtows kind nature's gen'rous boon;
Yet, we alas! a change may view,
Before the ſun hath reach'd its noon,

Some ſudden blaſt, or ſcornful ray,
May bring its vernal honours down;
So we, our toil may end to day,
And peace, may all our ſorrows crown.

A DESCRIPTION OF

WINTER:

With a petition to the RICH in behalf of the POOR.

STERN winter now invades the land,
And wide extends his tyrant reign;
Nature ſubmits to his command,
And yields each pleaſing, rural ſcene.

See! how he knits his awful brow,
With rigid frowns, and looks ſevere;
He drives o'er hills of fleecy ſnow,
His glitt'ring, icy, ſpangled car.

Boreas and Auſter, join his train,
Bleak furious whirlwinds cloſe the rear;
Fierce ſtorms of hail, with driving rain,
Compoſe the tyrant's dreadful war.

From his white mantle, while the winds
Sharp hoary froſt blow o'er the plains;
The rapid floods h'arreſts and binds,
In adamantine, cryſtal chains.

All nature feels his cruel pow'r,
And ſeems to languiſh, faint and die;
He nips each tender herb and flow'r,
And hides the glories of the ſky.

The

The tuneful warblers drop the wing,
The flocks and herds, all look forlorn;
While thoſe, neglect to chaunt and ſing,
(With cold) theſe make a piteous moan.

Alas! the honeſt rural ſwain
Confined, abroad he cannot go;
His cot, which peeps above the plain,
Is barricaded up with ſnow.

Happy for him, if now he feels,
Fair Veſta's cheerful, friendly ſmiles;
Her gen'rous warmth the cold repels,
And ev'ry gloomy hour beguiles.

But happier ſtill, if it appear,
His little cell's with plenty ſtor'd;
Who like the ant, by prudent care,
Reſerv'd ſuppliess to crown his board.

For oh! what varied ſcenes of grief
This rig'rous ſeaſon doth conceal!
Where modeſt want ſhall hope relief,
Yet, find her expectations fail.

Ye ſons of fortune, eaſe, and health,
Wrapt in your furrs, from cold ſecure;
Who idly laviſh heaps of wealth,
Think of the wretched, ſtarving poor.

Vouch-

Vouchſafe to lift the humble latch,
Now view their private ſcenes of woe!
Where pining merit ſeems to watch,
The tedious minutes as they go.

Let ſympathy unlock your breaſt!
Bid every gen'rous vot'ry riſe;
To cheer and ſuccour the diſtreſt,
And dry the tear, from ſorrowing eyes.

Soon as meek charity doth plead,
Your lib'ral hand to her extend;
O, let her feel compaſſion's aid!
Then heav'n will prove your faithful friend!

O D E,

For the NEW YEAR:

Written in the YEAR 1756.

I.

THE morn ſerene the ſkies look fair,
And ſmiling ſeem to greet the year,
Which bids the muſe ariſe!
Ariſe and tune the grateful lay,
Now conſecrate the new born day,
To him who built the ſkies!

II.

Whoſe wond'rous hand the world ſuſtains,
Adorns the vaſt etherial plains,
With glitt'ring orbs of light:
The ſun, that glorious orb of day,
The ſtars, which form their wond'rous way,
The moon which cheers the night.

III.

Old Time that walks the myſtic round,
Whoſe circle claſps the vaſt profound
Of univerſal ſpace;
By him the ſeaſons lead their dance,
In beauteous order all advance,
And ne'er deſert their place.

IV.

IV.

'Tis he calls forth the blooming ſpring,
When zephyr ſpreads her balmy wing,
And ſoftens all the air;
He bids bleak winter ceaſe to reign,
And ev'ry pleaſing rural ſcene
Their vernal beauties wear.

V.

Then we the flow'ry tribes behold,
Their beauteous varied charms unfold,
To captivate the ſight!
The warbling choirs renew their ſtrains,
And fill the joyful rural plains,
With pleaſure and delight.

VI.

Gay ſummer, next advancing ſmiles,
Whoſe varied treaſures glad the iſles,
And ev'ry object cheer!
At laſt, (all nature to adorn)
Rich autumn fills her plenteous horn,
To crown the happy year.

VII.

What tho' bleak winter ſtorms with rage,
Her gifts, his rigour can aſſuage,
And cheer each gloomy hour;
'Till ſol emits a warmer ray,
And gladdens ev'ry lengthen'd day,
That feels his ſov'reign pow'r.

VIII.

Thus all the works of nature's hand,
Are great, and good, and wiſely plan'd,
And claim our higheſt praiſe:
Each ſeaſon thro' the circling year,
At eve, or op'ning morn ſo fair,
New wonders he diſplays.

IX.

O *Britain! Britain!* happy iſle!
On thee the heav'ns propitious ſmile,
While neighb'ring nations groan;
Their fate, no friendly warning gave,
But thouſands! ſwallow'd in one * grave,
Diſtreſs'd ſurvivors moan.

X.

In one dread moment, far and wide,
The works of ages were deſtroy'd!
Their pomp, their wealth and ſtore:
When vengance, bid his judgments fly,
They gently paſs'd thy iſland by,
And fell on *Liſbon*'s ſhore.

XI.

Adore, that ſov'reign pow'r above,
Who thus diſplay'd diſtinguiſh'd love,
To ſpare the guilty here:

His

* The author here alludes to the late earthquake at *Liſbon*.

His vengeful arm, when we diſcern,
May righteouſneſs the people learn,
Omnipotence revere.

XII.

But O! kind heav'n protects theſe iſles!
Fair liberty's maternal ſmiles,
Makes glad the happy land!
While peace extends her joyful wings,
Her varied bleſſings plenty brings,
Here opes her bounteous hand.

XIII.

Ye muſes, now exalt your lays,
Swell ev'ry ſtrain with grateful praiſe,
In gen'ral chorus join;
To him, who guides the rolling ſpheres,
With goodneſs crowns the circling years,
Whoſe nature is divine.

XIV.

While years, and months, and days, and hours,
The annual ſnake his tail devours,
An emblem fit we ſee;
And while the winged minutes poſt,
Till hoary Time himſelf is loſt,
In vaſt eternity!

DEATH and the SICK MAN.

A FABLE.

DEATH kindly call'd on Sir *John Old*,
(At leaſt, 'tis ſo in ſtory told)
And bid him come without delay,
To ſee his grave that very day.
To whom Sir *John* (not over pleas'd
Thus to be ſo abrubtly ſeiz'd)
" Dear Death! oblige me now ſo far,"
(And ſhew'd him an embroider'd ſtar)
" My houſe upon that fav'rite hill,
" I fain wou'd leave it in my will,
" With ſome contiguous lands, that I
" Have had a long deſire to buy."

The king of terrors thus reply'd,
" Have not your wives, and children dy'd?
" Have not your friends---(I hope in heaven)
" To you ſufficient warning given?
" Your fever near ten years ago,
" The palſy, which now ſhakes you ſo,
" Were meſſengers all ſent by me,
" To warn you of your deſtiny;

" To hear a man of eighty, cry,
" And plead he's not prepared to die;
" Is very ſtrange, I muſt declare,
" And ſhews his follies but too clear;
" While ev'ry thing on earth you ſee,
" Reads lectures of mortality."
" Then ſtand no longer,——ſhill-I ſhall-I,
" But come along with me, I tell ye!—

MORAL.

Each moment of our fleeting breath,
We ſhou'd with circumſpection prize;
To warn us of approaching death,
For that is acting truly wiſe.

REFLECTIONS,

On the falling of RAIN, after a very great Drought.

O GRACIOUS heav'n!——O friendly ſkies,
To you, my grateful ſtrains ſhould riſe!
What bleſſings crown this happy hour!
O welcome!—ſweet refreſhing ſhow'r.
Like as the manna from the ſky,
That did thine *Iſrael* once ſupply,
So theſe reviving drops of rain,
Do cheer and cool the thirſty plain;
Whoſe verdure turn'd to ruſſet brown,
Scorch'd up with heat, did ſeem to moan.
But now, the fields quite gay appear,
The panting herds enjoy the air;
Theſe healing drops with life reſtores,
All nature's languid, fainting pow'rs;
Improves each charming rural ſcene,
Which now looks ſmiling, freſh and green.
The huſbandman lifts up his head,
Now all his anxious fears are fled;
With joy, he ſees thoſe crops revive,
Where oft his toiling nerves did ſtrive;

For future labour waits prepar'd,
And hopes to reap, the ſweet reward!
The while, the poor exult with joy,
And ev'ry pleaſing hope employ;
To ſee fair plenty now appear
In all her charms, to bleſs the year.
O! may we ne'er forget to raiſe,
Our grateful hearts, in ſongs of praiſe
To him who gave us life and breath,
And ſav'd us from eternal death:
Who lengthens out our fleeting days,
And round the world his gifts diſplays:
And ſheds the choiceſt bleſſings down,
Our lives, with health and joy to crown;
His creatures wants, he ſoon foreſees,
Sends balmy health in ev'ry breeze.
'Tis he! who bids the ſun ariſe,
And ſpread his glory thro' the ſkies;
The ſplendid beams he does diſplay,
Excludes the night, reſtores the day;
And warms the pregnant, teeming earth,
Matures the ſeed, and aids its birth;
And genial dew's ſoft falling ſhow'r,
Feeds ev'ry herb, and tender flow'r,
Like glitt'ring gems, whoſe drops adorn
The roſie bluſhing face of morn!

While ſhe each riſing charm diſplays,
The heav'ns reſound with nature's praiſe!
From all the feather'd warbling choirs,
'Tis gratitude each note inſpires!
While herds and flocks all ſcatter'd round,
The vocal hills return the ſound:
Let men then, join with one accord,
And praiſe the univerſal lord!

ELEGY:

ELEGY:

To the Memory of a Gentleman who died after a ſhort Illneſs.

" Hence, one is tempted to exclaim againſt the " King of Terrors, and call him capriciouſly cruel. " He ſeems, by beginning at the wrong end of the " regiſter, to have inverted the laws of nature. Paſ- " ſing over the couch of decripit old-age, he has " nipped infancy in its bud; blaſted youth in its " bloom, and torn up manhood in its full maturity.

HERVEY's MEDITAT. Vol. I. p. 24.

O DEATH! thou ſtrange myſterious pow'r
Whoſe proud, deſpotic, lawleſs ſway,
Preſides o'er ev'ry fleeting hour,
That does ſurround this mortal clay.

Remorſeleſs tyrant!——tell us why
Thou doſt thy terrors ſo diſpenſe?
Thy random darts promiſcuous fly,
Which hold the mind in dread ſuſpenſe.

See, how decripit hoary age,
Courts thee to haſten his relief;
Yet, thou on youth wilt vent thy rage,
Unmindful of our ſharpeſt grief.

Oft, in the hour of mirth and joy,
His gaſtly viſſage does appear;
And all our pleaſure, inſtantly
He drowns in grief, or ſtops with fear.

Manhood in prime, whoſe active mind
Is pregnant with ſome pleaſing ſcheme:—
Alas!——whate'er our thoughts deſign'd,
Shall vaniſh like a flatt'ring dream.

Then, while fond nature's power's prevail,
And floods of ſwelling ſorrows flow;
We thus exclaim, repine and rail,
Quite partial in our grief and woe.

Since friendſhip's ſacred tye moſt dear,
With ſtrong attachment holds the mind;
And warm affections oft while here,
Like cords their gen'rous vot'rys bind.

This truth alas!——*Fidelio* proves,
My tortur'd boſom feels the blow!
Thoſe bands diſſolv'd, which hold our loves,
Are broke by death, our cruel foe!

Amazing, wond'rous, awful change,
Soon as the fatal dart is ſent!
Oh! how our fleet ideas range,
Mov'd by th' important, great event,

The buſy paſſion reſtleſs move,
To feel the link of union broke!
The mental pow'rs continual rove,
But can't reverſe the fatal ſtroke.

Then ev'ry pleaſing, tender ſcene,
Within the mind ſucceſſive riſe;
To mitigate our grief and pain,
We recollect our former joys.

O come, my muſe! indulge the thought,
The melancholy theme purſue;
While mem'ry with her treaſures fraught,
Preſents *Fidelio* to my view.

Paint out each friendly, pleaſing ſcene,
Let ev'ry circumſtance appear,
Tho' ſome may wound, I'll not refrain,
'Tis ſweet to ſhed the gen'rous tear.

Oft, at that ſweet, delightful hour,
When birds ſalute the riſing day;
We us'd to take our morning tour,
And nature's beauteous charms ſurvey.

Within the unfrequented glade,
Together oft, we us'd to ſtray;
Or in the grove, whoſe friendly ſhade,
Excludes the ſultry beams of day.

There, on a bank of turfted earth,
We ſat, and view'd the purling ſtream;
And ſhunning noiſe, and ſenſeleſs mirth,
Enjoy'd the ſun's refulgent beam.

Faſt by the fragrant eglantine,
Where yellow cowſlips deck the ground;
Among the trees where woodbines twine,
And ſhed their balmy ſweets around.

There, oft the wood-lark's pleaſing note,
Within the branching cloyſter rung;
And ſweet the black-bird's mellow throat,
Far, in the meads melodious ſung.

The vary'd flow'rs, and wild-roſe fair,
Then ſeem'd to bloom with richer dye;
While buzzing inſects ſooth'd the ear,
Their beauteous plumage charm'd the eye.

A book, or converſe, did engage
Our ſocial minds in ſweet debate!
Not party zeal, or bigot rage,
But virtue did our ſouls elate.

The wond'rous ſcene, of nature's laws,
Oft us'd to be our pleaſing theme;
We ſtrove to trace the ſecret cauſe,
Delighted with the noble ſcheme.

And

And thus, the ſilver minutes flew,
Alas!——the longeſt day was ſhort!
While we poſſeſs'd the mental view,
That did ſuch pleaſing joys impart.

How did our breaſts with rapture ſwell!
'Twas happineſs too great to laſt:
Death would our friendly joys repell,
And ev'ry virtuous pleaſure blaſt.

O! might his gen'rous ſhade appear,
Aſſume its wonted pleaſing form;
And mortal fleſh the ſight cou'd bear,
(That awful viſionary charm)

Then all thoſe points might be reveal'd,
Which us'd to be our topic here;
But oh! th' important theme's conceal'd,
Yet, Faith, and Hope, methinks appear.

With modeſt mein, and ſtedfaſt eye,
Faith prompts to look for joys unſeen;
While Hope inſpires my breaſt with joy,
And brightens ev'ry gloomy ſcene.

May heav'n thoſe virtues ſtill increaſe,
Our ſocial joys again reſtore;
And may we meet in that bleſt place,
Where death can never part us more!

Where

Where all our mortal troubles ceaſe,
And themes immortal feaſt the mind!
Perpetual ſcenes of joy and peace,
With pure, celeſtial truths refin'd.——

Thou partner of his gen'rous heart,
And pledges of your mutual love,
Tho' left, ſtill act a noble part;
O may you ever worthy move.

Now nature's paid the ſolemn rite,
And you have ſhed the gen'rous tear;
Let virtue's ſacred laws excite,
And worthy thoughts your ſpirits cheer.

'Tis heav'n's dread will, we muſt ſubmit,
The trial nobly ſtrive to bear;
And in the faireſt point of light,
Let ev'ry virtue now appear.

Since there are bleſſings in reſerve,
For thoſe who bravely can endure!
And they, thoſe promiſes deſerve,
Will find their hope and truſt ſecure.

The juſt, are God's peculiar care,
He always was the widow's friend!
† His chief regard, young orphans ſhare,
He will the righteous cauſe defend.

* So, when the watchful ſhepherd ſpies,
The tender young have loſt their dams;
His friendly care, their loſs ſupplies,
His boſom nouriſhes the lambs.

In Iſrael's ſhepherd, put your truſt,
The humble, fervent prayer he hears;
At laſt, he'll raiſe the ſleeping duſt,
Then joy, ſhall wipe away your tears!

To hear the trumpet ſhake the ſky!
See all the ſaints with joy appear,
With blooming charms that never die,
Th' immortal robes of honour wear.

O happy! glorious, blooming morn!
How wond'rous grand that ſight will be!
When death his vanquiſh'd pow'r ſhall mourn,
The grave ſhall let its captives free!

ODE

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† When thy father and mother forſake thee, the Lord will take thee up.——*Pſalm* 37th. *Verſe* the 10th.

* He ſhall feed his flock like a ſhepherd; he will gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his boſom.——*Iſaiah* chap. 40th, *verſe* 11th.

ODE*

ON THE

Arrival of the PRINCESS of MECKLENBURG:

AND THE

ROYAL NUPTUALS.

I.

HOW brilliant ſhines the joyous ſcene!
While Britons fly t'embrace their *Queen*,
Brave *Anſon* leads the way:
The ſtately, ſplendid barge behold!
All hands aloft the ſails unfold,
While gallant ſtreamers play.

II.

The fav'rite pilot, Neptune ſpies,
Then ſoon his joyful tritons riſe,
And ſound their vocal ſhells:
While floating round his pearly car,
The grand triumphal ſcene afar,
Hark!——raptur'd echo tells.

III.

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* Publiſhed in the year, 1761.

III.

The ocean vaſt, that wond'rous way,
His awful mandate does obey,
And lo!——the ſurface ſmiles:
While o'er the wanton, rolling tide,
With ſwelling ſails they ſwiftly glide:
Their joy the time beguiles.

IV.

Fancy, who does the muſe employ,
Now opes th' intellectual eye,
Preſents each object clear:
The peerleſs princeſs, mild and ſweet,
In whom th' aſſembl'd graces meet,
Methinks I ſee appear.

V.

See her aſcend the gilded barge,
Glad to receive the royal charge,
Bleſt with the happy freight:
For Britain, lo!——with joy they ſteer,
By heroes guarded front and rear,
To make our joys complete.

VI.

The awful God that rules the waves.
(Knows Britons never will be ſlaves,
They ſons of freedom reign)
Does thus addreſs the princeſs fair,
Whoſe ſafety now becomes his care,
While on the wat'ry main.

VII.

" Hail, happy fair!——in yon bleſt iſle
" To which you ſteer,——ſee plenty ſmile,
" And liberty reſide:
" 'Mong free-born people truly great,
" Whoſe wealth, with honors all replete,
" Flow in with ev'ry tide.

VIII.

" Their arts, their arms, their conqueſts known,
" Their counſels wiſe, around the throne,
" Have raiſed a laſting name:
" My wide domains are their defence,
" They, commerce round the world diſpenſe,
" And ſwell the trump of fame.

IX.

" This is the glorious happy ſcene!
" Where, as a *Queen*, you're call'd to reign,
" And ſhow maternal care:
" Th' illuſtrious prince whom all approve,
" Whoſe ſafeguard is the people's love!
" That bleſſing you ſhall ſhare.

X.

" From You, a num'rous race ſhall ſpring,
" Still Albion ſee a *native king*,
" To check the inſulting foe:
" Fair peace and plenty both ſhall join,
" And roſie health, with ſmiles divine,
" Attend where-e'er you go.

XI.

" Religion too, preſents her pray'r,
" To make you heav'n's peculiar care,
" And grant you length of days:
" With one accord the nation round,
" Great *George* and *Charlotte* ſhall reſound,
" In annual ſongs of praiſe."

XII.

XII.

Then ſtraight the God reſumes his way,
And lo! the ſplendid king of day,
  Emits refulgent beams!
The veſſels glorious to behold----
With ſculptures deck'd, and burniſh'd gold
  Reflected gild the ſtreams.

XIII.

While wanton zephyrs ſport above,
The little pleaſing god of love,
  Wafts a propitious gale:
The welcome harbinger of joy,
Does all his utmoſt ſpeed employ,
  To bring the grateful tale.

XIV.

Then thund'ring cannons rend the air,
The joyful tidings ſoon declare,
  Which diſtance can't conceal:
She comes,——the lovely princeſs comes!
And hark!---the trumpets,----hark!---the drums!
  Expreſs their loyal zeal.

XV.

XV.

And lo!——obſerve the crouded ſhore!
Britons with eager joy explore,
Their new arrived *Queen*:
Illuſtrious peers, who grace the court,
With all their retinue reſort,
And form a brilliant ſcene.

XVI.

And ſee! Great-Britain's regal ſtate,
Which now adorns th' imperial gate,
Where paſs this ſplendid train:
Their ample folds they now extend,
Receive with joy the foreign friend,
Then hark!——the loyal ſtrain.

XVII.

And lo!——the courtly throng gives way,
The *King* appears! in rich array,
But chief by virtue's charms:
The *ſtranger fair!* he does approve,
Treats her with tenderneſs and love,
Within his royal arms

XVIII.

Gay *Hymen* then diſplays his ſcene,
Of youthful graces in his train,
With roſy chaplets crown'd:
The torch, which conſecrates his name,
And kindles up the nuptial flame,
Sweet incenſe wafts around.

XIX.

And ſoon the graceful, princely youth,
Adorn'd with virtue, honor, truth,
Conducts the royal maid,
Within the temple's hallow'd ſhrine,
Where ſacred hymns in ſtrains divine,
To heav'n are daily paid.

XX.

Lo! where the alter ſtrikes the ſight,
Illum'd with rays of heav'nly light,
And ſmiling cherubs fair:
The mitred prelate, graceful ſtands,
In mutual love to join their hands,
And bleſs the royal pair.

XXI.

Then all the people ſhout and ſing!
God bleſs the *Queen!*——long live the *King*,
In honor, health, and peace:
And while each bleſt revolving year,
Their royal offſpring ſhall appear,
Britannia's joys increaſe.

ST. THOMAS'S-HALL:*

A Deſcriptive POEM.

YE bards, who fond of gloomy ſcenes,
Delight to ſtray thro' twilight groves,
Where contemplation freely reigns,
And ev'ry muſe unfetter'd roves:

Behold this ancient, calm retreat,
With all the varied views around!
This wild, this once delightful ſeat,
Among old fractur'd ruins found.

The mould'ring ivy-mantled walls,
In ruin'd majeſty appear;
Whoſe trickling moiſture conſtant falls,
Affects the eye and ſoothes the ear.

Each

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* Formerly a religious houſe, or convent, dedicated to *Thomas Becket*, Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, in the time of King *Henry* the *Second*. Now uſed for a callico printing manufactory.

N. B. The original manuſcript of this poem, was revised, corrected and amended by the author's intimate friend, the late Mr. *Shenſtone*.

Each vaulted roof, and private cell,
Where echo chuſes to reſide;
The ſculptur'd gall'ries plainly tell,
What age the artiſt was employ'd.

Here, at the ſtill, nocturnal hour,
When Cynthia's charms begin to fade;
As round the rooms you take your tour,
Her beams afford a glimm'ring ſhade.

The ſubjects of each dreary tale,
Our rude forefathers us'd to tell,
(And turn their conſcious faces pale)
Within this manſion ſeem to dwell.

Yet, not one viſſionary ſprite,
That fills the vulgar breaſt with fear,
But gives that muſe ſupreme delight,
Who holds her higheſt converſe here!

Thy ſolemn note, grave, midnight owl,
To groveling minds may omens bring;
But ſoothes the poet's free-born ſoul,
And bids the muſe with rapture ſing.

Now, of the garden's ſlighted ſcene,
Mine eye attempts a ſtrict ſurvey;
Where firſt, the lengthen'd terras green,
With weeds, obſtructs the wonted way.

Without ſupport, the gen'rous vine,
Now humbly creeps along the ground;
Whoſe lovely, branching tendrils twine,
Where nettles rank, and weeds abound.

Thus, oft, we ſee in low diſguiſe,
True merit meets entire neglect;
While ſots, whom virtue ſhould diſpiſe,
(By fortune rais'd) engroſs reſpect.

A flight of ſteps we now aſcend,
Which lead us to a rugged maze;
To crown the ſcene, at either end,
Appears a ſhatter'd gothic vaſe.

From hence, you trace the whole extent,
This rude, wild garden's ample bound:
Methinks I feel my ſoul relent,
Its ruin'd ſtate my boſom wound.

Juſt by, a copious river glides,
Rich with the glitt'ring ſcally fry;
While trees adorn its verdant ſides,
Which tow'ring ſeem to prop the ſky.

From level meads, the hanging groves,
In gradual heights, with beauty riſe;
And all the peaceful covert proves,
A friend to intellectual joys.

For here, the balmy, whiſp'ring breeze,
The muſic of the feather'd choir,
The rays that glimmer thro' the trees,
To aid reflection all conſpire.

Thro' the rude viſta from afar,
A ruin'd caſtle* ſtrikes the eye:
The *Sow* and *Trent*, in conflux here,
Unite their ſtreams with mutual joy.

'Mongſt hills and vales, with vernal glee,
Fair-ſmiling health and plenty reign;
And, in full view, well pleas'd we ſee,
St. *Thomas* terminate the ſcene.

Beneath the fabric's friendly wings,
The mill's inceſſant grinders go;
Where Ceres all her treaſure brings,
And plenty bids the boſom glow.

When papal pow'r, in days of yore,
Wide ſpread her claims o'er *Britain*'s iſle;
The veſper's rite, at ev'ning hour,
Was heard within this gothic pile.

---

* An ancient caſtle near the town of *Stafford*, deſtroy'd in the time of the civil wars.

And oft, as morn on purple wing,
Kindled the golden lamp of day;
The matin-bell here us'd to ring,
And wake the fair to chaunt and pray.

O! lovely, ſweet ſequeſter'd life!
If free from ſuperſtitious gloom!
Virtue had hither fled from ſtrife,
Nor worn the ſervile chains of Rome.

But they, by baſe and treacherous wiles,
Could make all vices ſmooth and ev'n;
And, from their falſe and venal ſmiles,
The rich were taught to purchaſe heav'n.

For, O! the ſleek and brawny prieſt,
Could roll a ſparkling, wanton eye;
His carnal appetite would feaſt,
And ſport on beds of guilty joy.

And while their creeds ſuch charms diſcloſe,
Such kind diſpenſing doctrines teach;
Well might the fair give way to thoſe,
Whoſe abſolution heal'd the breach.

O happy *Britons!* now ſet free,
From this oppreſſive, galling yoke;
You taſte the ſweets of *liberty*,
And their accurſed charm is broke!

If once the ſweet celeſtial maid,
Lay drooping, pierc'd with many a wound,
By monkiſh tyrants then diſmay'd,
Who caſt their baneful ſpells around:

Yet now, ſhe plumes her joyful wing,
She feels her active pinions grow;
While art and genius cheerful ſing,
Inſpir'd by thee, O gen'rous *Roe!* *

RICHMOND:

* The maſter of the manufactory.

RICHMOND:

A Deſcriptive POEM,

With a proſpect of the COUNTRY adjacent.

YE gentle pow'rs of muſical delight,
Attend the call! aſſiſt th' advent'rous flight!
And thou ſweet queen of flow'ry-fancy riſe!
Waft all thy images before my eyes.---
Ye ſportive genii, lend the muſe your ſkill,
To paint the lovely charms of Richmond-hill,
From heav'n deſcend, ye fam'd harmonious nine,
Let Richmond, in your honour'd records ſhine!
For tow'ring Pindus, that fair ſacred mount,
(Whoſe wond'rous fame our ancient bards recount)
Could ne'er ſurpaſs this ſweet enchanting ſcene,
Where beauty wide entends her boundleſs reign!

The lofty hill, with fair majeſtic brow,
O'erlooks a vaſt extent of all below;
The landſcape fair, with ſweeter verdure ſmiles,
Than where the ſun, beams warm o'er claſſic iſles:
The vales around, in pleaſing proſpect lie,
And gay, extenſive views attract the raviſh'd eye.

Here

Here Neptune rolls that copious, ſilver tide,
His fav'rite ſon the Thames, his chiefeſt pride
Whoſe cryſtal current, as it cheerful flows,
(Tho' deep) does all its ſparkling bed diſcloſe
His luſcious ſtream improves the fertile ſoil,
The joyful meads with cheerful pleaſure ſmile
And far the eye his ſilv'ry glance ſurveys,
Thro' diſtant vales his winding current ſtrays.
How pleaſing there, to ſee the ſwelling ſail,
Drive with the tide before the gentle gale!
While others, nimbly ply the painted oars,
Sweet muſic's dying echos cheer the verdant ſhores.
Others by commerce, bring the plenteous freight
Or in the river caſt the copious net;
Where ſport the finny tribe, of various ſize,
Whoſe glitt'ring mail attracts our longing eyes.
Theſe are thy treaſures, O thou lovely Thames,
While plenty ſmiles along thy gentle ſtreams:
Such num'rous villas on thy banks we ſee,
That royal Tiber muſt give place to thee!
Like pleaſing views, thy floating mirror ſhows
Each lovely ſcene, that on thy margin grows.
Gay manſions, woods and groves, with gardens lie
In miniature expreſt, beneath the ſky:
The lucid ſtream each object ſo improves,
A new creation in its boſom moves!
Narciſſus may admire the pleaſing ſcene,
Smit with himſelf, might fondly gaze again:

Thy

Thy varied charms, my numbers might prolong,
But they're immortaliz'd in *Denham*'s ſong.

From hence, to ſee the dawn of early light,
Spring from the ſable ſhades of gloomy night;
And fair Aurora in the morn appear,
With roſy ſmiles adorn the hemiſphere!
The miſty hills reflect the fluſhing ray,
And introduce the radiant king of day.
To ſee him here, in all his ſplendor riſe,
Op'ning the glorious ſcene in theſe fair ſkies;
How muſt the charming views inſpire delight,
Where nature's varied gifts allure the ſight!

Thy neighb'ring groves for contemplation made,
Whoſe bards of old, did conſecrate each ſhade;
Tir'd of the buſy world's deceit and ſtrife,
They taſted there, the tranquil joys of life.
For, here we ſee the happy, calm retreat,
Of *Cowley*'s, tuneful muſe, who ſung ſo ſweet:
And *Denham*'s ſoaring theme, whoſe pleaſing ſkill,
Tranſmits to fame, the charms of *Cooper's-hill.*

Here Phœbus bid his fav'rite ſons reſide,
And ſhed his ſacred influence o'er the tide;
For, on thy fertile banks did lately dwell,
Our modern bards, whoſe merit fame doth tell.

But

But lo!—my muſe! what's this I ſee appear?
It ſeems ſome form of bright celeſtial air!
Whoſe beauteous aſpect cheers the ſmiling ſky,
And ſtrikes with magic charms the mental eye.
Her hand extends the fair immortal bays,
And round her face the bright refulgent rays.
From Windſor's ſtately grove, as ſhe aſcends
The waving wood with awful homage bends;
The ſylvan ſcenes a gen'ral chorus raiſe,
And thro' the trees a ſwelling concert plays.
'Tis ſhe! ſweet genius of the golden lyre!
That animates the poet's rapt'rous fire.
Sweet eloquence attends her ſtarry train,
And while ſhe ſpeaks, joy ſmiles o'er all the plain.

" Behold my ſacred grove!—this ſcene diſplays,
" Where *Pope* (the *Britiſh* orpheus) ſung his lays.
" Here oft, his tuneful muſe invok'd my aid,
" And to my hallow'd ſhrine due honour's paid.
" Thy foreſt *Windſor*, conſecrates his name,
" And thou fair Thames, ſhalt echo forth his fame!
" Which ne'er ſhall ceaſe, as long as thou ſhalt flow,
" Or ſmiling verdure on thy borders grow.
" Free as thy flowing ſtream he pour'd along,
" The ſweeteſt muſic in the nobleſt ſong.
" Ye gen'rous vot'ries of the tuneful ſtring,
" Make him your guide, your garlands hither bring:

" Then ſhall I well approve your grateful ſtrains,
" Which fame ſhall echo thro' th' etherial plains."

Now Twitenham's bow'r, his grots, enchanting views,
Sacred to virtue, and the ſweeteſt muſe;
Where nature laviſhes her gen'rous ſtores,
Of ſparkling gems, and various glitt'ring ores;
The richeſt produce of the Indian mine,
In variegated rays of luſtre ſhine!
Princes and patriots lent their gen'rous aid,
T' augment its charms their choiceſt gifts convey'd.
Here oft, that worthy * patriot loved to ſit,
Whoſe poliſh'd manners ſhone with attic wit;
On eagle wings his piercing genius ſoar'd,
With ſocial joy the nobleſt themes explor'd.

" Happy the man, who to theſe ſhades retires,
" Whom nature charms, and whom the muſe inſpires."

Here *Pope*, ſo ſweetly tun'd great Homer's ſong,
His thought majeſtic, figures bold and ſtrong.
His happy muſe, here found that noble plan,
That pure, ſublime, epitome of man!

Where

* Bollingbroke.

Where ſceptic pride, full vanquiſh'd, falls and dies,
And nature's laws, prove God is juſt and wiſe.
We feel the truths his precepts do inſpire,
In him the learned critic we admire.

Now, where fair Thames in winding ſweetneſs roves,
And viſits with his ſmiles the verdant groves,
Which ſpread their branches forth in rural pride,
And bending, kiſs the ſweet tranſlucent tide:
There *Thomſon*'s muſe by ev'ry grace refin'd,
Diſplay'd the genius of a fertile mind.
In thoſe gay ſcenes, did with the ſeaſons riſe,
Like as the lark that emulates the ſkies;
His ſkilful hand ſo touch'd the cheerful lyre,
His tuneful notes, the pureſt joys inſpire.
His pleaſing ſcenes afford ſuch ſweet ſurpriſe,
They ſeem t'appear before our raptur'd eyes.
Each varied ſeaſon of the rolling year,
He gives that dreſs which nature likes to wear.
Who can peruſe that piece and not be charmed?
Where liberty with gen'rous virtue warm'd,
From Greece and Rome, to fair Britannia flies,
And ſpreads her banner in theſe happy ſkies.
O, happy Britons! favour'd with her ſmiles,
Thou more art bleſt, than all her fav'rite iſles!
Who, but muſt feel the gen'rous paſſions riſe,
To read his fav'rite *Talbot*'s obſequies?

Talbot!

Talbot! the gen'rous friend of all mankind,
The pride of Britain, nurſe of arts refin'd!
Thy name ſurvives, in *Thomſon*'s moving lays,
And round thy urn we ſee immortal bays!
His tragic muſe, commands our juſt eſteem,
Where tuneful numbers grace a noble theme!
He, has unlock'd all nature's ſecret ſtores,
Trac'd ev'ry part, diſplay'd her wond'rous pow'rs:
Like *Milton*, ſung his bold unfetter'd lays,
Like *Virgil* ſweet, he juſtly merits praiſe.

The muſes here, a ſweet retreat have found,
And here we ſeem to tread on claſſic ground;
Whate'er of Greece, or Italy is told,
We feel their ſweet harmonious lays unfold.
Methinks their mem'ry doth the muſe inſpire,
And this fair ſcene, ſtill animates the fire.
Nature's great volume, here is wide diſplay'd,
The woods and groves, the pleaſant flow'ry mead.
Here, on the river bank's gay ſloping ſide,
Fair Flora reigns, in moſt ſuperior pride!
The gardens ſweetly glow, in various dyes,
Which captivate, and cheer our raviſh'd eyes;
So grateful to each ſenſe their beauties bloom,
Their fragrant ſweets the wanton gales perfume:
In all her charms Pomona feaſts the ſight,
The longing joy her bluſhing fruits excite.

With

With ſtrong temptation, the fond trav'ller calls,
To ſnatch the luſcious ſweets that grace her walls.
The hills, and vales, with herds and flocks abound,
And health, and plenty, bleſs the country round!
The ſpacious, varied ſcene creates delight,
Nature and art conſpire to feaſt the ſight!

'Midſt rural ſcenes, what ſtately fabricks riſe!
Whoſe ſpiring turrets glitter in the ſkies.
Here patriots fam'd, retired ſweets enjoy'd,
While ſchemes political their hours employ'd.
Thrice happy he, whoſe gen'rous boſom glows,
To bleſs mankind! (nor pomp nor title knows)
His ſoul attach'd to virtue's ſacred laws,
Truth his delight, and liberty his cauſe!
His gen'rous ſchemes, like as the flowing nile,
O'erſpread the land, and make a nation ſmile!

Thus * Hallifax! a name for ever dear,
(A patriot fam'd, the worthy muſt revere,
Fav'rite of Phœbus, and the tuneful nine)
Here plann'd that thought, the ſenate did refine.

Here Albion's palaces adorn the view,
Windſor and Hampton, and the groves of Kew!--

* The great lord *Hallifax*, to whom the ſecond volume of the *Spectator* is dedicated.

In Kew's delightful labrynth's winding way,
The muſes happy thoughts, may ſweetly ſtray:
Free from the buſy world's diſtracting noiſe,
May launch in ſeas of intellectual joys!
Beneath the calm of thoſe embow'ring ſhades,
No care intrudes, no diſcontent invades.
The verdant roof, the mind with peace inſpires,
The grateful notes of thy ſweet warbling quires
Do harmonize and cheer the drooping ſoul,
And all tumultuous paſſions ſoon controul.
Philoſophy, may here extend her wings,
Above the low purſuits of tranſient things;
Or trace th' extenſive fields of nature o'er,
The wond'rous ſcenes of diſtant worlds explore,
While liberty unlocks the fetter'd mind,
And burſts the chains by which its oft confin'd:
Fair reaſon then, aſcends her rightful throne,
And truth's impartial laws doth freely own.
" Reaſon's the rightful empreſs of the ſoul,
" Does all inordinate deſires controul;
" Checks ev'ry wild excurſion of the mind,
" By her wiſe dictates happily confin'd:
" Hence, thoſe who will not her commands obey,
" Leave a ſafe convoy in a dang'rous ſea."----
Would the miſtaken world attend this guide,
And let her dictates o'er the thoughts preſide;
Nor in the ways of folly blindly run,
This faithful monitor ſo often ſhun;

They

They ne'er wou'd fail of happineſs, but find,
The glorious treaſure's ſeated in the mind.

But, while theſe grave reflections I purſue,
Which in this pleaſing labrynth form my clue,
Th' op'ning view, and ſudden flow of light,
With ſweet ſurpriſe, attract the raviſh'd ſight!
How fond the buſy eye begins to trace,
Thoſe varied beauties of the lovely place.
The ſpacious round, what ſtately trees incloſe,
That antique pile! the ſeat of calm repoſe.
Its ruſtic front appears with fractur'd ſcars,
Of ſhrubs and moſs, an hoary mantle wears;
Its venerable look, and friendly door,
Invites the curious further to explore.
When enter'd there, ſurpris'd you'll ſtart, to ſee
A lovely ſcene of ſweet variety.
The grot, which ſeemed ſo dark, enjoys the day,
Its ſpacious dome admits a cheerful ray:
And here, thoſe Britiſh worthies ſeem to ſmile,
Whoſe gen'rous labours bleſs the happy iſle.
Science, and arts, by them ſo much improv'd,
Their mem'ry is rever'd, their names belov'd;
Old Greece and Rome, can't boaſt of greater fame,
Than what adorns each honour'd worthy's name:
Art ſhew'd its ſkill to expreſs each ſtriking face,
And marble breathes with animated grace.

Great *Caroline!* whom ev'ry one admir'd,
Unmov'd by courtly pomp, here oft retir'd;
And laid aſide the regal forms of ſtate,
To ſhine with wiſdom, more divinely great:
Within the ſacred manſion of her breaſt,
Virtue and truth, were each a conſtant gueſt.

Now, in the winding maze again we're led,
With many pleaſing ſcenes the mind is fed.
Here oft, the baſhful pheaſants croſs the way
Whoſe variegated plumes ſuch charms diſplay;
The pleaſing ſight we eagerly purſue,
But ſoon the thicket hides them from our view.
Thro' op'ning glades, whoſe view, like morning dawns,
The tim'rous hares ſport o'er the verdant lawns;
Here, the fair, velvet plain ſo ſmooth and green,
Preſents a moſt extenſive, rural ſcene;
The tow'ring oaks which ſeem to prop the ſkies,
With aſh and pines, in graceful order riſe;
Poplars and yew, the quiv'ring aſpin fair,
And other growths, with diff'rent tients appear;
While ſhady groves exclude the face of day,
And diſtant views appear both wild, and gay.
The hills (where fleecy clouds do ſeem to reſt)
Are ting'd with blue, the plains with ruſſet dreſt:

Thus,

Thus, in ſweet contraſt, all together join,
And each improving each, compleat one grand deſign.

Deep in yon circling grove of turfted trees,
Which ſoothes the mind beneath the whiſp'ring breeze;
A ruſtic building * hides its hoary head,
And warbling choirs frequent the grateful ſhade.
A cryſtal lake improves the charming ſcene,
Reflecting what the verdant banks contain.
The graceful pile, on gothic columns rear'd,
Whoſe ſacred ſtores, great *Caroline* rever'd.
Here, while her mind on heav'nly pleaſures fed,
She cheer'd the living, and rever'd the dead;
Her noble Soul, the graces had refin'd,
And love of merit warm'd her gen'rous mind.

Now, thro' the charming avenues we ſtray,
O'er which, the trees a friendly ſhade diſplay;
'Till ſome fair eminence invites to reſt,
Within a neat alcove receives its gueſt:
From which fair point ſome proſpect ſtrikes the ſight,
Whoſe ſweet variety creates delight:

---

* *Merlin*'s Cave; in which is *Merlin*, and other figures in wax-work, with a valuable collection of books, which was the Queen's library.

Yon lengthen'd viſta, doth our joys renew,
To ſee Old *Brentford* terminate the view.
Th' extenſive terras now attracts the ſight,
Where, on the verdant mount's aſcending height,
A fair rotunda elivates its head,
O'erlooks the woods, the groves, and flow'ry mead.
Here towns and villas entertain the eye,
And hills, and vales, in various proſpects lie:
While, from his copious urn, old *Neptune* pours,
A rapid ſtream along the verdant ſhores.
From hence, we view the pleaſing banks of *Sheen*,
In days of yore, a ſplendid palace * ſeen;
And now by induſtry, as ſplendid made,
The happy ſeat of genius, art and trade;
For here, that art ‖ in full perfection dwells,
That rivals *India*, and all climes excells.

Here, *Sion-Houſe*, o'erlooks the river Thame,
Which, from its eminence aſſumes that name.
Temple, ſo fam'd, this fabric did erect,
Temple, whoſe genius ever courts reſpect!—
Without a wiſh from courts he here retir'd,
While happy thoughts his pregnant muſe inſpir'd:
And here, revolv'd within his thoughtful mind,
Thoſe noble ſchemes he plann'd to bleſs mankind.

The

* Here was a palace belonging to King *Edward* the IIId.

‖ The art of callico printing.

The INVITATION.

ARISE my fair one, come away!
See how the morn with roſie ſmiles,
Opens the glorious ſcene of Day!
Which gladens all the diſtant iſles.

Bleak winter's gone, and joyful ſpring,
With all her blooming train ſucceeds;
The warbling choirs with ſprightly wing,
Sport o'er the gay enamel'd meads.

The trees put forth the tender bud,
Their beauteous foliage to diſplay;
The vernal groves, the mazy wood,
Invite us in their paths to ſtray.

The woodlark's ſoft melodious call,
The turtle mourns her abſent love;
While diſtant murm'ring waters fall,
The ſweet enchantment to improve.

The flow'rs in all their beauties bloom,
While wanton zephyrs thro' the air
Laviſh their fragrant, rich perfume,
To charm each ſenſe, of thee my fair.

But Oh!—what tender thoughts of love,
Within my anxious boſom reign!
I feel, the gen'rous paſſions move,
To call thee to the rural plain.

Then haſte, my charmer, quickly fly!
Since nature does ſuch gifts diſplay,
And heighten all the pleaſing joy,
Which ſuffers by your long delay.

To a FRIEND,

Ill of a FEVER.

IF to thy hands theſe friendly lines ſucceed,
And gloomy ills will ſuffer thee to read;
Think, how thoſe ills thro' all my boſom roll,
And wound with grief, my ſympathizing ſoul!
In ſighs, I paſs the midnight hours away,
And tears ſalute the ſweet return of day;
For ſure, my eyes can nought that's pleaſing ſee,
Which opens not a bloom of joy to thee!
Nor think it ſtrange, if more than this I feel,
Or, that my pen theſe ſentiments reveal;
Or, ſay the bluſh approaches not my cheek,
Nor fault'ring accents tremble while I ſpeak!

CONTENTMENT, TRUE HAPPINESS:

Or, The COUNTRY LASS.

WHAT happineſs, the rural maid attends,
In cheerful labour, while each day ſhe ſpends;
She gratefully receives what heav'n has ſent,
And bred in poverty, enjoys content.
She never feels the ſpleen's imagin'd pains,
Nor ſighs whole hours in melancholy ſtrains:
She never loſes life in thoughtleſs eaſe,
Nor on the velvet couch invites diſeaſe.
Her home-ſpun dreſs, in ſimple nature lies,
And for no glaring equipage ſhe ſighs;
Her reputation, which is all her boaſt,
In a malicious viſit ne'er was loſt;
No midnight maſquerade her beauty wears,
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.

A POETICAL
ADVERTISEMENT.

DEAR ladies fair of ev'ry ſtation,
Who dread to live without the faſhion;
And wou'd genteel and ſmart appear,
Attend awhile;——I'll tell you where
You may be ſuited to a tee,
And ſurely, that muſt give you glee.——

A milliner, a friend of mine,
(Who has not yet hung out her ſign)
At needle-work is quite expert,
Makes caps of ev'ry mode, alert;
And many things which I forget,
Of muſlin, lawn, and Paris-net.
Ribbons and lappets, has great ſtore,
French a-la-mode, hard names a ſcore,
My muſe 'twou'd puzzle to relate,
Therefore, I'll leave yourſelves to that;
Who can with ſo much eaſe expreſs,
The various, pleaſing modes of dreſs;
Such as become, and ſuit the face,
To nature's charms, afford a grace!

Miſs

[Miſs *Mallet*,—is the perſon's name,
Who now reſides in *Birmingham*,
Near the Welch-Croſs, her ſhop you'll ſee,
Adorn'd with great variety;
She'll ſuit your fancy in a trice,
Is really moderate, in her price;
And ſo obliging,——and ſo neat,
Her cuſtomers ſhe'll kindly treat.

THE PLEASURES of the COUNTRY,

In the SPRING:

To a FRIEND in TOWN.

BEHOLD the roſie blooming ſpring,
Adorn'd with fragrant flow'rs;
The pretty birds that chirp and ſing,
Now cheer the ſmiling hours.

Bleak, ſtormy winter's fled away,
The ſun with ſplendor beams;
The tender bud, the trees diſplay,
By cryſtal running ſtreams.

While on the banks ſo freſh and green,
Young lambs do ſkip and play;
For rural lads, and laſſes clean,
Love makes an holiday.

Then leave the noiſy, dirty town,
To breathe the country air;
To deck thy brow, i'll form a crown,
With flow'rs moſt ſweet, and fair.

The

The primroſe with the violet join'd,
Gay beauties will diſplay;
If rural pleaſures ſuit thy mind,
Then haſte, and come away.

EPI-

EPITAPH:

On the Rev. Mr. FOSTER.

READER behold!—this ſacred pile ſurvey!
Reflect, and think,—before you turn away.
This honour'd tomb, contains the mortal part
Of pious *Foſter!* who'd the happy art,
To touch the ſoul! illuminate the mind
With beams of heavenly light, and truths refin'd.
Religion! in her native charms he ſhow'd,
Her righteous laws, how worthy of a God!
In virtue's cauſe, he ever firmly ſtood,
And ſtrove to make men wiſe, and truly good.
If worthy deeds exalt the human name,
And acts benevolent do merit fame,
The wiſe and good, who real worth revere,
Muſt honour him!——and drop a gen'rous tear.
But thoſe who'd give the trueſt proof of love,
And wiſh to ſee this ſaint in heav'n above,
His life, and precepts ſtrictly muſt obey,
They then may meet him in eternal day.

The

The PAINS of

ABSENCE:

To a FEMALE Friend.

HOW painful abſence to my mind!
The tedious hours, ſo ſlowly move;
To my fond wiſhes heav'n be kind,
Let me once more, ſee her I love.

What anxious thoughts diſturb my breaſt,
Both night and day, what pains I prove:
My bed alas! affords no reſt—
The cauſe of all my woe, is love.

Ye gentle gales that fan the air,
Waft all my anxious ſighs above:
Kind heav'n O make my friend your care,
And warm her breaſt with equal love.

A PARODY,

Upon thoſe lines of MILTON's, in the HERMITAGE at HAGLEY-PARK.

"*And may at laſt my weary age,* * *&c.*"

MAY I, while health and ſtrength remains,
And blood flows warm within my veins;
Find out ſome virgin, ſoft and kind,
Who is to ſocial joy inclin'd;
A nymph who can for me forego,
The fop, the fribble, and the beau;
From noiſe and ſhow, content can be,
To live at home with love and me:
Such pleaſures Love and Hymen give,
And ſuch a life I wiſh to live.

---

* *Il Penſeroſo.*

VERSES:

To a FRIEND,

Going to reſide in foreign parts.

THE long expected hour is come,
Which bids you boldly launch to ſea;
To reach that new deſir'd home,
And give you joy, and liberty.

Freed from the pains of dull ſuſpenſe,
Now let your generous ſpirits riſe;
Nor caſt one ling'ring look from thence,
To interrupt your preſent joys.

Bleſt, in your little rural ſcene,
May no diſaſters grieve you more;
May peace and love, there ever reign,
Nor ſtorms affect the happy ſhore.

And when by heav'n's all gracious pow'r,
Theſe bleſſings you begin to taſte;
O then! you'll think, this laſt, dear hour,
Atones for all your ſorrows paſt.

Oft have we ſeen a gloomy cloud,
Obſcure the ſun's reſplendent ray;
Till ſome fair wind has kindly blow'd,
And ſent a ſmiling, happy day.

Then baniſh ev'ry anxious care,
That wou'd diſturb your peace of mind;
The ſun now ſmiles, the wind ſits fair,
To waft you to the port aſſign'd.

The ſtately bark, with joy behold!
See, how the wanton ſtreamers play;
While buſy hands the ſails unfold,
To ſweep the ocean's wond'rous way.

O may that pow'r! your pilot be,
Who has the winds at his command;
Who rules by night, who made the day,
Whoſe pow'r extends, o'er ſea and land.

His watchful eye, and ſov'reign care,
Surveys all nature with a glance;
He hears the ſecret, fervent prayer,
The humble virtuous, will advance.

And ſhou'd the foaming billows roar,
Like mountains ſwell, and laſh the ſky;
Or dreadful thunder rend the ſhore,
And rapid ſheets of light'ning fly;

How ſoon can he a calm reſtore,
And make the furious waves retire;
Conduct you ſafe, to that bleſt ſhore,
That will your breaſt with joy inſpire.

VERSES:

On the DEATH of *FREDERICK*, PRINCE of WALES.

Written in the year, 1751.

OH Britain, Britain! moſt unhappy iſle!
Why glows the morn? let nature ceaſe to ſmile!
And let the heav'ns extend a ſolemn ſhade,
To ſoothe thy woe let nature join her aid.
Since cruel death! with moſt tyranic pow'r,
Has cruſh'd our hope, and cropt thy blooming flow'r!
This fatal ſtroke, O Liberty deplore!
Frederick! thy ſteady friend, is now no more.
Genius * muſt weep! art vent the plaintive ſigh,
The ſwelling tear o'erflow Britannia's eye.
Her fav'rite prince, with ev'ry grace refin'd,
T' adorn the greateſt throne, and bleſs mankind;
Alas!

* He was preſident of the *Roman* academy: A very popular and uſeful ſcheme to ſupport the expence of ſending youth to Italy, to ſtudy the polite arts of painting, muſic, and architecture.

Alas! is loſt to ev'ry joy below,
And Britons feel, the ſharp afflictive woe!

O *London!* weep, thy glory's over caſt!
Thy * patron!—words can't tell what thou haſt loſt.
Whene'er the blazing terrors ‖ fluſh'd thy ſkies,
His gen'rous pity felt thy fearful cries;
In danger oft, his love to thee expreſt,
He ſcorn'd to ſleep! whene'er thou waſt diſtreſs'd;
His lib'ral hand, the poor with joy inſpir'd,
And merit oft his gen'rous boſom fir'd.
But, Oh! 'tis *Lyttleton* muſt ſpeak his worth,
Whoſe charming pen, can ſet his virtues forth:
Let then thy happy muſe, that ſcene diſplay,
Thy prince, thy friend, demands thy purer lay.
When *Hagley*'s groves reſound the mournful ſtrain,
'Twill give relief, 'twill mitigate our pain:
But yet we'll not repine, nor nurſe deſpair,
To heav'n reſign'd, we'll yield this fervent prayer.

O thou, great, ſov'reign lord, whoſe boundleſs pow'r,
Suſtains this earthly frame, let all adore!

---

* The Royal Society, Britiſh fiſhery, &c.

‖ This alludes to his frequently being preſent at fires, and directing every poſſible method of aſſiſtance to the ſufferers in ſuch calamities.

Princes and kings, are in thy pow'rful hand,
And mortals muſt ſubmit to thy command.
Still may our king, be thy peculiar care,—
His days prolong, thy humble ſuppliants here!
His councils guide, in virtue's ſacred ways,
Th' oppreſs'd with grief, O may thy comfort raiſe!
Let diſcord die, and ev'ry murmur ceaſe,
Inſpire each Britiſh heart, with virtue, love and peace.
May that young prince, in ev'ry grace improve,
And like his ſire, deſerve the people's love:
May all his virtues, ſparkle in his ſon,
(In heav'n's due time) adorn the *Britiſh* throne:
Then *GEORGE* the third, ſhall raiſe our joyful ſtrains,
Repair the heavy loſs, which *Britain* now ſuſtains.

ABSENCE.

ABSENCE.

WHILE penſive on the lonely plain,
Far from the ſight of her I love;
To the clear ſtream I tell my pain,
And ſigh my paſſion to the grove.

Echo! ſweet goddeſs of the wood,
From all thy cells reſound my care;
And Thames along thy ſilver flood,
Convey my murmurs to the fair.

VERSES to a WIDOW LADY, who ſaid, "If I would go along with her, ſhe'd take me to Heaven."

DEAR widow, your offer was kind,
To take and conduct me to heav'n;
Yet, if we were not of one mind,
I hope that I ſhall be forgiv'n.

I frankly declar'd, I'll allow,
'Twas bliſsful!—a place of bright charms;
But the heav'n I meant you muſt know,
Was my dear, lovely, Jenny's bleſt arms.

DULLNESS:

A POEM.

Inſcribed to W. S. Esq.

'TWAS in that month, when heavy fogs ariſe,
And ſpread their baneful infl'ence thro' the ſkies,
Poor *Scribble* ſat, and rack'd his muddy brain;
Invok'd the muſe, to aid his drowſy ſtrain.
With books around, and on his arm reclin'd,
He rubs his ſcull, to brighten up his mind:
At length, to help him out, his genii peers,
Then fancy ſoon diſpell'd his anxious fears.
In tatter'd robes, the goddeſs was array'd,
A fooliſh grin, her ſtupid looks diſplay'd,
Dullneſs,—they call, the heavy-headed maid.
And thus ſhe ſpoke:——"Attend my fav'rite ſon!
"My council take, the work will ſoon be done.
"Come follow me; I'll ſoon relieve thy pain,
"Behold my temple!—near yon barren plain;
"There, all reſort for fame, whom I inſpire,
"There toil, to animate the languid fire."——

Blown up with pride, with pliant foot he ſprings,
And ſcrews up all his feeble, jarring ſtrings;

With

With pompous twang, to ſwell the fetter'd lay,
And celebrate ſome great, auſpicious day.——

The houſe,—a ſtagnant, muddy moat ſurrounds,
Within, the cricket's drowſy note abounds;
While poppies, weeds, in wild luxuriance crawl,
And ſhed their potent ſeeds, upon the mould'ring wall.

Arrived:----the goddeſs takes him by the hand,
" Welcome dear ſon!---my favours now command!
" From hence behold---how wide are my domains,
" Genius muſt thrive,---among ſuch fertile ſcenes."
Then ſhow'd each room, which dignifies the place,
The ſpacious hall, huge leaden buſtos grace:
Worthies,---whoſe fame, the grubſtreet realms reſound,
And bog-houſe bards, with equal honours crown'd.

She leads him next, within a narrow room,
Where dying embers, caſt a midnight gloom;
Around the ſhelves, where muſty volumes ſpread,
And cobwebs pendant, dangled o'er his head:
Full many a ſtep they clime, the upper ſtory,
Where all poetic flights, aſpiring pant for glory.

" My darling!---ſee, th' apartment I judge fit,
" To entertain, and calm the rage of wit."
Then, ſhe preſents a ſtuporific draught,
To cheer his brain, and eaſe his lab'ring thought,

The

The goddeſs ſaw him yawn, and ſcratch his head,
Then on his mazzard fix'd a cap of lead;
With whiſper ſoft, ſalutes his leathern ear,
" Son,---take a nap, in this my eaſy chair;
" Or on this couch, your topic may explore,
" Where many a heavy ſon has ſlept before.
" I'll charm thy ſlumbers with my fairy dreams,
" Reveal ſuch wond'rous things!--ſuch mighty themes;
" Make th' admiring world to gape and ſtare,
" Envy run mad, to ſeize thy clotted hair."

Obſequious to her nod, he goes to ſnore,
And ſtock his ſcull, with her pedantic lore.
Now ſhe calls up her viſſionary charms,
And *Scribble's* breaſt, enthuſiaſm warms.
At length he wakes:---dear vanity appears,
And tickles with her voice, his itching ears.

" Come forth dear Son!"---the goddeſs dullneſs cries,
" Compoſe thy phiz: and look profoundly wiſe!
" Show all the world, the product of thy brain,
" They'll ſee, that I inſpir'd the wond'rous ſtrain."

And thus we ſee each witleſs ſprite appear,
Fond of his ſhapeleſs cub, like as the bear,
He licks him o'er;---then views with partial eyes,
The clumſey form,---judicious bards deſpiſe.

Hence

Hence rebuſſes, with crippl'd feet afright,
And thro' dark clouds, emerge at laſt to light:
Acroſtics vile, thus tortur'd, limp abroad,
Or blund'ring wild, like *Col's* ſweet birth day ode;
Who ſings great *George*, in ſtrange heroic ſtrains,
Fraught with bombaſt, ſqueez'd from his muddy brains:
Hence grub-ſtreet lives, the preſs for ever groans,
And deals out folly, to her gaping ſons.

REFLEC-

REFLECTIONS,

On the uncertainty of human HAPPINESS; and the unavoidable ſtroke of DEATH.

WHY ſhould we toil for fleeting joy,
Th' uncertain pleaſures of an hour?
With fondeſt hopes, our mind employ,
To heap up wealth, or thrift for pow'r.

Alas! we find, we daily know,
Our anxious thoughts are all in vain!
The rich, the poor, the high, the low,
Are not exempt from death, or pain.

Will death relent? or hear us cry?
Can mighty ſums, one pain exclude;
Will haughty looks, e'er make him fly,
Or gold, his fatal ſtroke elude.

No!—that dread tyrant never feels!
He ne'er regards our ſharpeſt grief;
Without remorſe our treaſure ſteals,
And leaves to time, to ſeek relief.

The tender parent he involves
In wild diſtreſs, and deep deſpair;
The cloſeſt union he diſolves,
Of boſom friends, or hopeful heir.

The rights of Hymen's nuptial charms,
He breaks, tho' near the happy day;
The blooming bride, his icy arms
With cold embraces does betray.

The boaſt of manhood in his prime,
Gay youthful vigour muſt ſubmit;
Th' accompliſh'd prince, the moſt ſublime,
Muſt all their riſing honours quit.

But virtue! he can ne'er deſtroy,
That treaſure we may call our own;
That is the trueſt ſource of joy,
Which ranks the cottage, with the throne.

Then let's enjoy the preſent hour!
Nor more at fortune's frowns repine;
Improve the moments in our pow'r,
Without regret, the world reſign.

Since heav'n has treaſures kept in ſtore,
Immortal joys which ne'er can fade;
Where pain will never grieve us more,
Nor death's grim terrors be diſplay'd.

Then

Then, in his face let's ſmile, and ſay,
" Thou can'ſt no more the ſtroke renew;
" This mortal part, this brittle clay,
" Is all that thou can'ſt ere ſubdue.

" But O, the ſoul! th' immortal part!
" True reſt, and endleſs joy ſhall ſee;
" No more ſhall dread thy fatal dart,
" But live! when thou ſhalt ceaſe to be."

The ROSE.

SEE, on that riſing thorny buſh,
The early fragrant, half-blown roſe;
Which op'ning now begins to bluſh,
And rip'ning beauties does diſcloſe!

I pluck'd one in its purple bloom,
To deck the boſom of my fair;
Whoſe breath exhales its ſweet perfume,
And ſpreads the flavour thro' the air.

But ſee, an emblem of mankind!
Whom time and death reduce to clay;
And you my fair will quickly find,
Your ſweets like theſe will fly away.

Yet theſe, tho' wither'd now, and dead,
A pleaſing ſweet do ſtill retain;
Fit to perfume your downy bed,
Altho' they never bloom again.

Then ſee, that virtue's paths you trace,
In theſe you will a pleaſure find;
And when that you have run your race,
You'll leave a laſting ſweet behind.

VERSES,

VERSES:

Upon the GREAT STORM, on the evening of the 30th of Sept. 1752.

FAREWELL the groves, the rural plain,
Now bluſt'ring Boreas holds his reign;
His thund'ring voice his aweful call,
Shakes the vaſt etherial hall:
From all the trees he ſcatters round,
Their leafy honours o'er the ground.
Hark! hark! his whirlwind horrors riſe!
Wild howling echo rends the ſkies;
Foretells, that devaſtation's near,
With dread deſtruction in the rear.
For ſee! the ſturdy oak which ſtood
For cent'ries, lord of all the wood,
No more muſt boaſt his tow'ring pride,
Of bulky limbs extending wide:
See where his ſpreading glory lies,
'Mong baſer ſhrubs he falls and dies.

VERSES,

On ſeeing Mr. POPE's houſe.

O Gen'rous muſe! as when thou *Pope* inſpir'd,
Deſcend and ſpread thy kind auſpicious wing:
With all his worth, I feel my boſom fir'd!
Aid me like him, to touch the tuneful ſtring.

From Richmond hill, and Twickenham's bow'rs,
I'll gather wreaths of fragrant flow'rs;
And twiſt e'm round his Urn;
Then chaunt the elegiac lay,
A tribute to his mem'ry pay,
While lamps at midnight burn.

Ye bright inhabitants on high,
Now hover round the ſacred tomb;
And waft my hymns above the ſky,
Where his immortal honours bloom.

EPITHALAMIUM.

ARISE my muſe, and tune the ſtring,
The ſun now gilds a happy day!
Fair Hymen ſpreads his roſie wing,
And animates the nuptual lay:
Let mirth now baniſh anxious care!
And joy attend the happy pair.

Since love, and virtue, both unite
To animate the generous fire;
May time improve the ſweet delight,
That doth their mutual joys inſpire:
While pleaſure ſtrows their paths with flow'rs
O, gently glide, ye ſmiling hours!

Now plenty! all thoſe treaſures bring,
That do adorn thy cheerful train;
And health deſcend on balmy wing,
To bleſs the happy nymph and ſwain:
May peace and eaſe their life ſurround,
In ſilken chains, their hearts are bound.

See! Flora comes!—this pair to greet,
From roſie bowers, ſo fair and gay;
Her fragrant gifts ſalute their feet,
And all their various charms diſplay!

She calls up all the vernal year,
To ſmile and bleſs the happy pair.

The ſnow-drop firſt, of modeſt hue,
In native innocence array'd;
The primroſe fair, and violet blue,
Fit emblems of the virgin maid:
With ſpeckled gold, ſweet cowſlips ſhine,
In am'rous folds, the woodbines twine.

All come to hail the nymph and ſwain,
Their varied gifts of pleaſure bring;
From woods and groves, the flow'ry plain,
The boundleſs treaſures of the ſpring:
The while, the feather'd warbling throngs,
In ſtrains of love, exert their ſongs!

But, lo!—methinks I ſee ariſe,
On *Upton's* banks, * *Sabrina* fair!
With pleaſure ſparkling in her eyes,
With azure robe, and ſilver hair:
The water nymphs her train ſurround,
With wreaths of pearl and flow'rets crown'd!

* The goddeſs Sabrina, a beautiful virgin, who is ſaid to preſide o'er the river Severn.

Sabrina ſtrikes the golden lyre,
While, from her voice ſweet notes ariſe!
With tuneful ſhells, her nymphs conſpire,
To fill with joy the ſmiling ſkies:
She ſweetly ſings, a grateful theme,
While gently flows her cryſtal ſtream.

Sweet *Upton's* banks, thou fav'rite iſle!
Thou!—ſhalt my choiceſt favours ſhare
My genial ſweets ſhall make thee ſmile,
And be propitious to the fair:
Where'er my flowing ſtreams are ſeen,
The meads are fertile, freſh and green.

Before fair Cynthia thro' the ſkies,
Has nine times run her circling race;
The pregnant fruits of nuptial joys,
Your preſent bleſſings ſhall increaſe;
Bleſſings!—the pledge of virtuous love,
Your mutual joys, ſhall ſtill improve.

Since there are bleſſings ſtill in ſtore,
Now tune the voice, and ſtrike the lyre;
Ye nymphs and ſwains on *Upton's* ſhore,
Whom love and virtue doth inſpire:
For ſee! the ſun's auſpicious ray,
Now ſmiles to hail the happy day.

ODE:

O D E:

Upon the BIRTH of the PRINCE, AUGUST 16th, 1763.

Alluding to a prophecy in the ODE upon the ROYAL NUPTUALS.*

I.

KIND heav'n behold, has heard my prayer,
Peculiar bleſſings Britons ſhare,
Of all beneath the ſkies:
For on this bright auſpicious morn,
To *George* another prince is born,
And grateful ſtrains ariſe.

II.

But O, thou ſovereign king of kings!—
Great ſource of good!—O let thy wings,
The welcome gift protect:
Let grace and favour now abound,
The royal parents ſtill ſurround,
Their councils thou direct.

* See Page 131.

III.

That this bleſt iſle may heav'n adore,
Acknowledge thee for evermore,
Omnipotent above:
By whom we breathe, in whom we live,
The univerſe due praiſe ſhall give
Worſhip with filial love.

IV.

May peace and concord here reſide,
Diſcord and faction now ſubſide,
And mutual love increaſe:
True reformation ſtill prevail,
Kind heav'n we're ſure will then entail,
A bleſſing on our peace.

SIMILITUDES,

On the tranquil pleaſures of RURAL LIFE.

Being an addition to the firſt ſtanza, written by Mr. R. DODSLEY.

I.

" OBSERVE the fragrant bluſhing roſe,
" " Tho' in the humble vale it ſpring;
" As fair it ſmells as ſweet it blows,
" As in the garden of a king:
" So calm *Content*, as oft is found complete,
" In the low cot as in the lofty ſeat."

II.

Sweet lilly fair, in thou art ſeen,
Such beauty when thy flow'r's full blown,
As might adorn a royal queen,
In glory ſmiling on a throne;
So have I ſeen the rural maid diſplay,
Superior charms, to thoſe in rich array.

III.

Then let us nature's charms admire,
Surpaſſing all the toil of art;
The op'ning bloſſom, fragrant brier,
The moſt reviving ſweets impart:

So have I ſeen engaged in rural ſport,
More innocence than ever grac'd a court.

IV

They taſte the early morning air,
And hear the tuneful warblers ſing;
No midnight riots, health impair,
Nor guilt, the tender conſcience ſting:
More tranquil joys, they feel, with love replete,
Beneath their roof, than lofty rooms of ſtate

V.

Sweet roſie health, with balmy wing,
Inſpires with joy, their fleeting hours,
From peace, perpetual bleſſings ſpring,
And plenty, ſtrows their path with flow'rs:
Here, mad ambition ne'er diſturbs their hearts,
But ſweet *Content!* the pureſt joys imparts.

ELEGY:

To the memory of a young Lady.

I.

NOW, I invoke the plaintive muſe!
The ſolemn dirge demands my ſong;
Nature relents with weeping dews,
And mute are all the warbling throng.

II.

For, oh! alas! *Lucinda* fair,
Has lately left the ſocial hill;
Where oft, I did with joy repair,
The tedious hours of life to kill.

III.

Her ſparkling wit, and ſenſe refin'd,
Did all the pureſt joys inſpire;
Improve and cheer the troubled mind,
And animate the muſes fire.

IV.

But now, alas! I walk forlorn,
Thro' life's rough, rugged, thorny way;
Neglect to hail the riſing morn,
And let my flock neglected ſtray.

O come,

V.

O come, *Cordelia*, blooming maid,
And here the ſolemn dirge attend;
Now let thy lyre afford its aid,
To mourn the loſs of ſuch a friend.

VI.

O, let thy finger long and fair,
With ſkill now touch the tuneful ſtring;
Expreſs ſome graceful, moving air,
To join the plaintive ſtrain I ſing.

VII.

Lament our loſs, *Lucinda* dear,
Thus conſecrate the earlieſt hours;
Now ſhed the tributary tear,
And wreath her urn with fragrant flow'rs.

VIII.

The little red-breaſt will appear,
Juſt as the eve ſhuts up the day;
To chaunt his ditty o'er the fair,
And ſoothe us with his tuneful lay.

To a FRIEND,

Who lent the Author a fine picture of a Nun.

HOW happy is the tranquil ſtate,
When virtue leaves the rich, and great!
And much experience fills the mind,
With mental treaſures, all refin'd:
Thus wiſely leaves the noiſy crowd,
To feaſt on what is real good.
The jarring, clam'rous, buſy town,
All intellectual pleaſures drown;
There ſordid int'reſt leads the way,
And man to man becomes a prey.
Ambition, Pride, thoſe hateful fires,
With ſelfiſh ſchemes the breaſt inſpires!

But ſollitude improves the mind,
And leaves our reaſon unconfin'd;
Free as the cheerful, vernal breeze,
That gently moves the ſpreading trees:
Kind as the ſweet refreſhing ſhow'rs,
Which cheer the fragrant blooming flow'rs;
Thus when retir'd, the mind improves,
Harmonious, ev'ry paſſion moves.

So

So much for preface:——now the clue,
Which brings me to the point in view:

You know, that lately, to my care,
You did commit the beauteous fair;
Not the coquet, th' affected prude,
With whom gay flutt'ring fops are rude;
But one, whoſe mental beauties ſhine,
Which makes her face appear divine!
Where wiſdom holds her awful ſeat,
And ſhows the charmer truly great;
In humble weeds, not rich, or gay,
But neat and plain,—ſuch as diſplay
A peaceful, happy tranquil mind,
To contemplative joys inclin'd.

Now ſince you granted my requeſt,
I, glad to pleaſe my lovely gueſt,
Convey'd her to that pleaſing ſcene,
Where all the happy * muſes reign:
Th' attractive charms her perſon grace,
Soon made her welcome to the place.
The bards, and ſages, round her flock,
Sweet *Shakeſpeare, Milton, Newton, Lock!*

And

* Pictures of *Shakeſpeare, Milton, Pope, &c.* in the Poet's cloſet.

And charming § *Clio!—Pope.* and *Gay!*
All gladly ſtrive to court her ſtay:
With many more which I cou'd name,
Whoſe merit ſwells the trump of fame.
She ſeems ſo pleas'd and ſettled now,
She ſurely muſt have ta'en the † vow!
I aſk'd her, (but with good intent)
Her ſmiling ſilence gave conſent.
Then think, O think, what ſin 'twou'd be,
To part ſuch charming company!
Beſide,—mark this?—you know full well,
The place don't boſom friends expell;
She's not in cloyſter'd walls confin'd,
Where monkiſh rites enſlave the mind;
Nor wears that ſullen gloomy air,
Where rigid matrons rule ſevere;
And don't admit the billet-doux,
But only thro' the grate you view,
The friend that you eſteem moſt dear,
And ſhed the ſympathetic tear.
No,——You here may oft, the fair-one ſee,
Converſe, and talk at liberty;

May

§ Mr. *Addiſon*'s name in the Spectator.
† Alluding to her character as a Nun.

May whiſper ſecrets in her ear,
If from deceit, or guile they're clear:
Nay, take a kiſs!——if you're inclin'd,
And open to her all your mind.
Then don't her good deſigns oppoſe,
But let her now, enjoy repoſe:
Oft as with her, my time I ſpend,
I'll think of thee!—my worthy friend.

DAMON

DAMON and THYRSIS.

A PASTORAL.

DAMON, who fond of rural ſcenes,
Frequents the groves and flow'ry plains;
At morn leads forth his fleecy care,
To crop its verdure freſh and fair;
Then takes his tuneful pipe to play,
But firſt invokes the God of day.

O glorious ſource of life and joy!
Thy praiſe, all nature doth employ!
Thy cheering beams reviving light,
Reſtores the day, excludes the night:
And thy kind influence from the ſkies,
Bids nature to perfection riſe.

Therefore, this pipe, (tho' rude the lays)
To thee, ſhall ſwell the note of praiſe.
Go buſy echo, take the ſound,
Waft all my early notes around,
And call up all the warbling throng,
To join my grateful, morning ſong.

See, ſee! her beams begin to play!
Shoots o'er yon hill, a fluſhing ray!
All nature wears a placid ſmile
And gladneſs cheers the happy iſle:
While glitt'ring cryſtal drops adorn
The roſie blooming face of morn!

O lovely, beauteous charming fair!
What pleaſures in thy train appear!
Sweet bloomy health attend thy train,
And tranquil peace, with joy ſerene:
While round the ſweetly ſmiling hours,
Do ſtrow thy paths with fragrant flow'rs;

The friends which aid the happy muſe,
And all his raptur'd joys infuſe:
By thee! aloft he ſoars and ſings,
And mounts on contemplation's wings.
Thus feels a ſweet relief from care,
Inhales thy balmy breathing air,
While Zephyr opens all her ſtores
Of varied ſweets, from varied flow'rs.

For this, he leaves his downy bed,
Soon as the ſhades of night are fled,
Rouz'd by the note of chanticleer,
Juſt as the dawn begins to 'ppear;
Aſcends with joy his fav'rite hill,
When nature's calm, ſerene and ſtill.

Damon

Damon had oft with heart ſincere,
Invited tuneful *Thyrſis* there;
To range thoſe ſweet delightful ſcenes,
And hear the warblers early ſtrains;
With him to join the ſocial lay,
And hail the glorious riſing day.

At length, the honeſt ſwain he meets,
Her fav'rite ſon *Aurora* greets;
Then drove th' obſuring miſts away,
Reveal'd the ſplendid court of day;
Where *Phœbus* mounts his golden car,
Whoſe fiery ſteeds bright flaming hair,
Reflecting, gilds the azure ſkies,
Till greater glory charm'd his eyes.

Damon points out the varied views,
Each beauteous part to *Thyrſis* ſhews;
Bids him ſurvey the landſkip round,
The riſing hills, with foreſts crown'd;
The vales where plenty holds her reign,
'Mong flow'ry meads, and golden grain,
Where flows the ſweet meand'ring ſtreams,
Reflecting Sol's reviving beams;
Whoſe banks adorn'd with groves and glades,
Retiring ſcenes, and pleaſing ſhades;
The haunts of nymphs and fairy trains,
From woods, or founts, or flow'ry plains;

Who hold their ſports, and ſprightly dance
By break of day, or moonlight glance:
Till ſparkling phoſphor doth retire,
Young day, puts out the glow-worms fire:
The time when healthy ſhepherds riſe,
And read inſtruction in the ſkies;
That time, O *Thyrſis!* you and I,
Should often meet, with ſocial joy!

Thyrſis the wond'rous ſcene admir'd,
And felt his raptur'd ſoul inſpir'd!
Then touch'd with joy the golden ſtrings,
A grateful theme, ſublime he ſings,
The nymphs all left their fair abode,
Charm'd with his tuneful lyric ode!
All liſten with attentive joy,
But ſtill their buſy hands employ;
To crown the youth, expreſs their love,
A flow'ry wreath the graces wove;
Compos'd of roſes waſh'd in dew,
And * Hyacinthus of purple hue:
Around his temples now they bloom,
And waft a fragrant rich perfume.

But

* Hyacinthus, the fav'rite of Apollo.

But *Damon!* O the happy hour!
Still feels its ſweet attractive pow'r,
For ſince he heard the moving lay,
Has thrown his ruſtic pipe away:
In penſive mood now walks the plain,
And longs to hear another ſtrain.

ODE
To MUSICK:
On hearing a YOUNG LADY play on the HARPSICORD.

ARISE my muſe! and tune the ſtring!
Muſick's the theme that bids thee ſing,
And ev'ry boſom fires:
Lo! ev'ry beauteous ſcene we ſee,
Of nature's ſelf, is harmony!
The univerſe inſpires.

The roſie morn that glads the iſle,
Makes all th' enamel'd meadows ſmile,
Beneath the cheerful ſkies:
Soon as the dawn reveals the day,
The lark chaunts forth his grateful lay,
Bids ev'ry warbler riſe.

Inſpir'd by him, they mount and ſing,
Exulting ſtretch the painted wing,
And ſwell their tuneful throats:
So I, inſpir'd by *Sylvia*'s ſtrain,
Like them, who charm the rural plain,
Wou'd emulate her notes.

But

But O, my muſe! alas, ſhe cries,
Th' attempt is vain:—I cannot riſe,
To her ſeraphic height:
Angels, who fill the realms of fame,
Are only equal to the theme,
Which gives us ſuch delight.

When o'er the keys, each finger bounds,
O, with what ſkill! ſhe ſwells the ſounds,
In various fuges expreſt:
Her muſick! can our pains aſſuage,
Soften the paſſions, ſtiffle rage,
And ſooth the troubled breaſt.

But when her tuneful voice ſhe joins,
The moving ſtrain ſhe ſo refines,
We can't its pow'r controll:
The charms of muſick, ſhe can prove,
Will melt the hardeſt heart to love,
And captivate the ſoul.

Muſick! we read in days of yore,
The Theban walls did ſoon reſtore,
When Amphion touch'd the lyre:
The lyon with the lamb wou'd play,
When Orpheus ſwell'd th' enchanting lay!
E'en ſavage brutes admire.

Theſe wond'rous themes, which give ſurprize
Are fables, cloth'd in ſoft diſguiſe,
And moral truths convey:
Arts,—poliſh ev'ry ſavage mind,
And virtue gives thoſe charms refin'd,
Which manners do diſplay.

Fair *Sylvia*, thus creates delight,
Her virtues ſhine ſo pure, and bright,
All, muſt her worth approve:
Happy the ſwain, whoſe gen'rous heart,
Can ſo much real worth impart,
As ſhall attract her love.

ELEGY;

ELEGY:

On the DEATH of Mr. GUNN, the ORGANIST.

WHAT heavy clouds obſcure the day!
Methinks theſe glooms oppreſs my ſoul:
Oh come! my friendly genii ſay,
What ſecret pow'rs my joys controll.

Oh weep!——let ſorrow from thine eyes,
Bid all the generous ſluices flow!
For Orpheus, tuneful Orpheus dies,
And leaves th' harmonic bands below.

His ſkilful hand, which touch'd the lyre,
That ſwell'd the breaſt with raptur'd joy!
No more muſt animate that fire,
Which made the gloomy vapours fly.

Alas!—my muſe,—now drops her wing!
To vent her plaintive notes of woe,
Since Orpheus ceaſes more to ſing,
In mournful ſtrains her numbers flow.

Oh cruel! cruel, tyrant death!
That ev'ry pleaſing ſcene deſtroys;
He unexpected ſtops our breath,
And ſpoils our faireſt, earthly joys.

Are we not partial in our grief,
Becauſe we feel the fatal blow?
While paſſion reigns (to gain relief)
Our reaſon oft, we overthrow.

'Twas not death's tort'ring hand that ſtrove,
To triumph o'er his feeble frame;
Some angel call'd him from above,
T' aſcend th' immortal realms of fame.

His guardian took a private way,
To bid his fleeting ſpirit fly;
And quit this tenement of clay,
To join a chorus in the ſky.

And now with pure ſublime delight,
He feels the pow'rs of heav'nly ſtrains;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And everlaſting pleaſure reigns.

With him, the grand celeſtial choirs,
All join to raiſe the golden ſtring;
Their notes, his ſacred joy inſpires,
To hear thoſe raptur'd ſeraphs ſing.

There free from ev'ry jarring ſound,
The ſweet harmonious bands agree;
Immortal ſongs of praiſe abound,
Thro' ages of eternity!

Upon the POET's going to reſide at

CHELSEA.

TO you, my loving couſin greeting,
Theſe lines propoſe a friendly meeting;
For ſince your neighbour I'm become,
And Chelſea, is my preſent home,
Reſpects to you—I ought to pay;
Then let me ſee you here at tea.
On you with pleaſure I ſhall wait,
A hearty welcome is my treat:
And then, we'll have a little chat,
—'Pon abſent friends,—and ſuch as that.
But ſcandal, with her baneful train,
My ſocial board ſhall ne'er retain.
From ſin and ſea-coal, * yeſter night,
Within the ſtage, I took my flight;
Here t' enjoy ſome tranquil hours,
Compoſe and cheer the mental pow'rs.
And tho' I do not aim at wealth,
Yet, buſineſs will conduce to health.
The pocket's health,—is what I ken,
Gains favour with all ſorts of men;

And

* The author had liv'd at Birmingham.

And he that is with that poſſeſt,
Feels real pleaſure cheer his breaſt.
Now if I ſhou'd this point attain,
A moderate ſhare, will eaſe my pain;
Such as will ſmooth the brow of care,
Of which my friends ſhall freely ſhare.
Therefore conclude in friendly ſtiles,
Your loving couſin,—JOSEPH GILES.*

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* The author's name.

REFLECTIONS,

On the REVOLUTIONS of TIME, as to the SEASONS of the YEAR.

ARISE, my muſe! extend thy wing;
The varied ſeaſons as they roll
Bid thee be glad, rejoice and ſing,
And elevate thy grateful ſoul.

Tho' time in his revolving pace,
Continues ſtill to change the ſcene;
Order and beauty hold their place,
Throughout his univerſal reign.

The circling ſun that gilds the ſkies,
Who now emits a feeble ray;
Doth ſtill in other climes ariſe,
And there, his brighteſt beams diſplay:

Till nature's annual moving ſphere,
Deſcribes it's vaſt extenſive round;
To bring again the varied year,
With all the ſtores of plenty crown'd.

In ſpring, what joy inſpires my breaſt,
To ſee the radiant purple morn,
Break from the chambers of the eaſt,
And nature's vaſt extent adorn.

The warbling throngs, gay plume the wing,
Eager to try the former ſtrain;
The tuneful hymns they gladly ſing,
Enliven all the verdant plain.

Till ſummer's genial potent beams,
All things with life and joy inſpire;
While woods and groves, the cryſtal ſtreams,
All join the ſweet, melodious choir.

Then autumn's pleaſing copious horn,
Swells with the treaſures of the year;
To ſmooth thoſe rigours we ſhou'd mourn,
When hoary winter doth appear.

Nature and time, years, months and days,
The flowing tides, the ſwelling ſea;
O God!—theſe muſt demand our praiſe,
Theſe vaſt, amazing proofs of thee!

Thee! th' Almighty ſov'reign Lord,
Who ſpread the vaſt etherial plains;
That ſplendid dome!—thy ſacred word,
Thoſe num'rous worlds of light ſuſtains!

How do their glories feaſt our eyes,
Whene'er we view the ſplendid ſcene!
What glitt'ring hoſts adorn the ſkies,
When all the air is quite ſerene.

The

The ſilver moon, fair queen of night,
She in her courſe points out the way;
The ſeaſons move with great delight,
Around the ſplendid orb of day.

Thy finger guides the grand machine,
All nature feels thy quick'ning pow'r;
Throughout the world thy love is ſeen,
Which men and angels muſt adore.

With grateful hearts, O Britons view
The bleſſings which your clime doth ſhare;
No peſtilential fatal dew,
E'er taints with plagues thy temp'rate air.

Gay health and plenty o'er the land,
Diffuſe a ſocial pleaſing ſmile;
Fair liberty!—with gen'rous hand,
Protects this bleſt, this happy iſle.

Oft as old time with circling race,
Shall introduce the rolling year;
May juſt reflections ſtill take place,
To keep th' account of conſcience clear.

Review what favours heav'n has done.
Strictly reform the faults you find;
And thoſe temptations ſtrive to ſhun,
That wou'd enſnare, the fickle mind.

O while

O! while each moment's in our pow'r,
May wiſdom o'er our ſteps preſide,
T' improve the preſent fleeting hour,
With truth, and virtue for our guide.

To God, the ſource of truth and love,
Then let our hymns of praiſe abound;
In him we live, in him we move,
Who has the year with goodneſs crown'd.

The CONTRAST:

Or, REFLECTIONS upon the the various circumſtances of Human Life.

O SAY!—ye ſacred pow'rs above,
Who know the ſtate of life's affairs,
By what ſtrange impulſe do they move,
They ſo perplex and feed our cares?—

Among the courſe of human things,
How many, often ſeem perverſe;
Hence many a ſecret ſorrow ſprings,
Which all the joys of health reverſe.

The lib'ral, ſympathetic heart,
With noble ſentiments refin'd;
Is often check'd, and feels a ſmart,
Which mortifies a gen'rous mind.

And ſure, it is as great an ill,
The frank, the lib'ral ſoul can know;
To want the pow'r, yet have the will,
The moſt benev'lent acts to do.

While

While the coarſe, ſordid, heavy ſoul,
Shall affl'ence, health, and eaſe poſſeſs
Their actions ſuffers no controll,
But all they do ſhall meet ſucceſs.

Others, where ſparks of genius ſhine,
Shall all their utmoſt pow'rs exert;
Yet ſomething thwarts their good deſign,
And natures laws their ſchemes pervert.

Theſe ſtrange, myſterious themes of life,
Do hold the mind in dark ſuſpence;
Create domeſtic jars and ſtrife,
Which often baniſh peace from thence.

That life's a warfare all muſt own,
This well known truth we daily ſee;
Man acts but for himſelf alone,
For men with men, but ill agree.

How diff'rent is the human mind,
How greatly wide is each purſuit?
The diff'rent tempers which we find,
Are more twixt man, than man from brute.

Some gentle, kind, of manners ſweet,
Have fine ſenſations, quickly feel;
With ſtores of knowledge are replete,
To all with equal juſtice deal.

Whate'er

Whate'er ſublime and great appears,
Attracts the notice of their eye:
Such, nature's ſplendid volume cheers,
Who can its beauties ſoon deſcry.

The branching tree, the verdant field,
Adorn'd with varied herbs and flow'rs:
Each animal does pleaſure yield,
To aid the philoſophic pow'rs.

What pity ſuch bright minds as theſe,
Diſtreſſing conflicts ſhou'd aſſail?
Who are endow'd with pow'rs to pleaſe,
And might promote the common weal.

While haughty tyrants ſwell and boaſt,
With pride and inſolence oppreſs:
With ſtupid front their ign'rance poſt,
While worth and merit feel diſtreſs.

The mind with ſuch myſterious things,
In endleſs doubts, wou'd be perplext;
But hope!—this pleaſing comfort brings,
This life's reward, muſt be the *next*.

THE POET's ADVICE

To a Friend, juſt entering upon the World.

MY friend, (no doubt) you've often heard,
This * world, unto the ſea compar'd,
Which fluctuates, ebbs and flows;
Where the gay youth, th' advent'rous ſpark,
Alas! muſt launch his little bark,
Amongſt both friends and foes.

At firſt, he ſpreads his ſwelling ſails,
And drives before the wanton gales;
Aloft his ſtreamers play:
With temper gay, and ſpirits light,
No ill ſuſpects, he thinks all right,
So ſmooth, appears the way.

But while he ſeems ſecure of eaſe,
The faithleſs, treach'rous, ſmiling ſeas,
Begin to change their form;
Each wave, he ſees with dread ſurprize,
Like mountains, toſs him to the ſkies,
Amidſt the beating ſtorm.

Then

* The moral world.

Then plung'd within the gulph below,
His ſoul's diſmay'd with horrid woe,
While dreadful thunders roar:
And rapid ſheets of light'ning fly,
Which blaze around, and rend the ſky:
He prays to make the ſhore!

The moral world, this buſy ſcene,
Is like th' uncertain, changing main,
Which varies with the tide:
Sometimes, men ſpeak you ſoft, and kind,
And yet, betray a ſordid mind,
Inſult with rage or pride.

The ſame ſweet face with dimpl'd ſmiles,
For private ends, our faith beguiles,
Can practice ſly deceit:
And thus the worthy, gen'rous heart,
Is made to feel a pungent ſmart,
Oft ſuffers by the cheat.

The tender youth, in early life,
Enters this maze, of care and ſtrife,
Perplex'd, or led aſtray:
By ſome he's flatter'd and careſs'd,
By others ſlander'd or oppreſs'd;
All view him as their prey.

Therefore, if you will now attend,
Th' advice and council of a friend,
Who has ſome knowledge gain'd:
Experience oft, the mind can teach,
That wiſdom ſcience ne'er cou'd teach,
Or theory attain'd.

Mankind appears in ſuch diſguiſe,
We've need of Argus' hundred eyes,
Their characters to prove:
The ſerpent's wiſdom muſt be join'd,
With innocence and truth refin'd,
Yet, harmleſs as the dove,

Among the ſpecious, glaring crowd,
The gay, the grave, the weak, the proud,
True merit's oft conceal'd:
With partial eyes, moſt things we view,
Embrace the falſe, neglect the true,
Till truth appears reveal'd.

Dreſs, chiefly ſtrikes the vulgar eye,
The gay outſide we may deſcry,
Thoſe charms attract their Love:
But men of ſenſe, who judge aright,
View things in quite a diff'rent light
And real worth approve.

Each

Each ſtep in life, with caution weigh,
Yet, when you're right, make no delay;
  The preſent moment prize:
Old time you know, behind is bald,
He never ſtops, tho' loudly call'd,
  So ſure and ſwift he flies.

If fortune ſmiles,——then mind your guard,
Since virtue there is oft enſnar'd,
  By her deluſive art:
And when an honeſt friend you've prov'd,
Be frank, ſincere, and never mov'd:
  To ſuch, expand your heart.

Theſe precepts which I recommend,
On your own prudence all depend,
  From ills to guard you free:
Obſerve the theme I next ſhall tell,
And take theſe admonitions well,
  You'll ſtand approv'd by me.

The merchant, when he puts to ſea,
To trace the ocean's wond'rous way,
  With veſſel rigg'd and mann'd:
He knows, 'twou'd quite be raſh and vain,
To launch the vaſt, the boundleſs main,
  And not the ſtern command.

The hidden rock and ſandy ſhoal,
His proſp'rous voyage may controul,
The ſtouteſt heart can fright:
Therefore, a ſkilful pilot finds,
That knows to ſail with adverſe winds,
And guide the helm aright.

Tho' foaming billows laſh the ſky,
Or guileful ſirens, lure the eye,
And treach'rous wiles diſplay:
Yet, then he bravely ſtems the tide,
Midſt claſhing elements dares ride,
Secure by wiſdom's ray.

You ſee the application's clear,
With what a pilot we ſhou'd ſteer,
If ſafe thro life we'd ſail:
Beſides, our paſſions muſt reſtrain,
Let reaſon always hold the reign,
And conſcience ſtill prevail.

But chiefly friend,——on him rely,
Who guides the glorious helm on high,
And reigns from pole to pole:
Who form'd the vaſt, etherial plains,
The ſea! and all the land contains;
Inſpir'd the human ſoul.

O then!—thro' life's precarious ſea,
If prudence but your pilot be,
And virtue is your freight:
No fears, need e'er your breaſt alarm,
You're ſafe beneath his mighty arm;
He will your bliſs compleat.

SOME REFLECTIONS,

Upon hearing the BELL TOLL, FOR THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.*

HARK!—what a mournful ſolemn ſound
Rolls murm'ring thro' the cloudy air!
It ſtrikes the ſoul with awe profound.
Affects the gay——alarms the fair.

With what a pathos does it ſpeak!
Affecting deep the thoughtful mind:
The golden ſchemes of folly break,
That hold in glittering ſnares mankind.

'Tis death's dread herald calls aloud,
Proclaims his conqueſt through the ſkies:
The ſun retires behind a cloud,
And nature ſeems to ſympathize.

Reflect, ye reſtleſs ſons of care!
Your vain deſigns his hand can ſpoil,
Make hard oppreſſors lend an ear,
And wretched miſers ceaſe their toil.

For

* This piece, with the following *Epitaph*, and *The Robin*, ſee page 70 of this work, were inſerted, by the author, in the 5th volume of *Mr. Dodſley*'s celebrated collection of Miſcellaneous Poems.

For what avails vaſt heaps of gold,
When death his awful writ ſhall ſend?
Tho' folly ſwell, and pride look bold,
The maſk muſt drop, the farce muſt end.

It is not hoary tott'ring age
That now lies ſtretch'd beneath his ſtroke;
The tyrant ſtern, that feels his rage:
Th' oppreſſor's rod, that now is broke.

But oh!---'tis generous *Cynthio*'s bell!
Fall'n in his prime of youthful bloom:
For *Cynthio* ſounds the doleful knell,
And calls him to the ſilent tomb.

Cynthio!----whoſe happy healing art,
Turn'd from his friends death's fatal blow,
And ſhielded from that threatening dart,
Which now, alas!---has laid him low.

But *Cynthio*'s virtues ne'er can die,
They leave a grateful rich perfume:
And now tranſplanted to the ſky,
In heav'n's immortal gardens bloom.

And hark!----ah, what celeſtial notes,
With grateful accents charm my ear!
As down the etherial muſic floats,
The ſun breaks forth, the ſkies are clear.

From

From heaven deſcends the joyful ſtrain,
Convey'd to earth an angels wings:
To mitigate our grief and pain,
And this the theme of joy it brings:

"Thus write (the voice from heaven proclaims)
"The virtuous dead are ever bleſt!
"Their works immortalize their names,
"Their labours ceaſe and here they reſt.

"Behold, the Saviour wide diſplay
"The trophies of his gen'rous love,
"To cheer you thro' life's thorny way,
"And lead to flowery realms above.

"'Tis he deſtroys death's baneful ſting,
"And bids the grave's dread horrors fly,
"The choirs of heav'n his triumph ſing,
"And hail him victor thro' the ſky."

AN

EPITAPH.

IF e'er ſharp ſorrow from thine eyes did flow,
If e'er thy boſom felt anothers woe,
If e'er fair beauty's charms, thy heart did prove,
If e'er the offſpring of thy virtuous love,
Bloom'd in thy wiſh, or to thy ſoul was dear,
This plaintive marble, aſks thee for a tear!
For here, alas!——too early ſnatch'd away,
All that was lovely death has made his prey.
No more her cheeks, with crimſon roſes vie,
No more the diamond ſparkles in her eye;
Her breath no more, its balmy ſweets can boaſt,
Alas! that breath, with all its ſweets is loſt!
Pale now, thoſe lips where bluſhing rubies hung,
And mute the charming muſic of her tongue!
Ye virgins fair, your fading charms ſurvey,
She was, what e'er your tender hearts can ſay.
To her ſweet memory for ever dear,
Let the green turf receive your trickling tear.
To this ſad place, your earlieſt garlands bring,
And deck her grave with firſtlings of the ſpring.

Let

Let opening roſes, drooping lillies tell,
Like thoſe ſhe bloom'd, and ah! like theſe ſhe fell.
In circling wreaths let the pale ivy grow,
And diſtant yews a ſable ſhade beſtow;
Round her, ye graces, conſtant vigils keep,
And guard (fair innocence!) her ſacred ſleep:
'Till that bright morn ſhall wake the beauteous clay,
To bloom and ſparkle in eternal day.

THE

THE CONTENTS.

THE Leaſowes: or, a poetical deſcription of the late Mr. Shenſtone's rural retirement 1
An invocation to ſleep —— 14
Moonlight: in the country —— 17
The powers of the imagination —— 22
The rapture: on viewing the tomb of Shakeſpeare 24
Verſes, on viewing the monument of Milton 26
Stanzas: occaſioned by a viſit among ſome tombs in a country church —— 28
A deſcription of the morning —— 31
The birds neſt —— —— 33
Hymn to virtue —— —— — 35
Hymn to the Sun: on the approach of ſpring 38
A deſcription of the pleaſant month of May 42
Upon the ſinging of the lark; and the return of ſpring —— —— 45
Prologue: to the tragedy of Lady Jane Grey 47
An ode, on the Jewiſh captivity —— 49

The

CONTENTS.

The ſtory of Nebuchadnezar, paraphraſed 53
Reflections on human life —— 60
The complaint —— — 65
Prologue: to the tragedy of Cato —— 66
Epitaph: upon a very lovely boy —— 69
The robin: an elegaic poem —— 70
A vernal ode, on the return of ſpring — 73
Verſes deſigned for a valentine —— 76
Poetical reflections on the ſudden death of a lady 78
Epitaph —— —— 81
Verſes on the death of the late king —— 82
The roſe: addreſſed to Sylvia —— 87
Invocation to health and cheerfulneſs — 88
Stanzas, on the death of General Wolf 90
Ode, on the king's birth day —— 93
Doſthill-Spaw: with a deſcription of the country adjacent —— —— 96
The reconcilement —— —— 102
A deſcription of winter —— 105
Ode, for the new year, 1756 —— 108
Death and the ſick man, a fable —— 112
Reflections on the falling of rain after a great drought 114
Elegy: to the memory of a gentleman who died after a ſhort illneſs —— — 117
Ode: on the arrival of the princeſs of Mecklenburgh —— 124

CONTENTS.

St. Thomas's Hall: a deſcriptive poem 132
Richmond: a deſcriptive poem —— 138
The invitation —— — 151
To a friend, ill of a fever —— 153
Contentment true happineſs: or, the country laſs 154
A poetical advertiſement —— 155
The pleaſures of the country —— 157
Epitaph, on the Rev. Mr. Foſter —— 159
The pains of abſence —— —— 160
A parody on ſome lines of Milton's, in the hermitage at Hagley park —— —— 161
Verſes to a friend, going to reſide in foreign parts 162
Verſes, on the death of Frederick prince of Wales 164
Abſence —— —— 167
Verſes to a widow —— —— *ibid.*
Dullneſs: a poem, inſcribed to W. S. Eſq; 168
Reflections, on the uncertainty of human happineſs 172
The roſe —— —— 174
Verſes on the great ſtorm, 1752 —— 176
Verſes on ſeeing Mr. Pope's houſe — 177
Epithalamium —— —— 178
Ode: upon the birth of the prince, Aug. 16th 1763 181
Similitudes, on the tranquil pleaſures of rural life 183
Elegy to the memory of a lady —— 185

To

CONTENTS.

To a friend, who lent the author a fine picture of a nun — — — 187
Damon and Thyrſis: a paſtoral — 191
Ode: to muſic — — 196
Elegy: on the death of Mr. Gunn, the organiſt 199
Upon the poet's going to reſide at Chelſea 201
Reflections on the revolutions of time, as to the ſeaſons of the year — — 203
The contraſt: or, reflections upon the various circumſtances of human life — 207
The poet's advice to a friend, juſt entering upon the world — — 210
Some reflections upon hearing the bell toll for the death of a friend — 216
An epitaph. — — — 219

MVSEVM BRITANNICVM

FINIS.